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Sunday, Dec. 10, 1933

CITY SHADOWS — by Percy Crosby *The Distinguished
Creator of "Skippy"*



In a little while they'll light up the tree in the Park, then Christmas'll be in full swing.

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Newest Inventions for Making Your Day Brighter



Convenience for
Latter Poison
on Plant Bugs
With the Least
Effort and the Greatest Economy.
The Lucky Farmer is Seen Dripping
the Poison from Two Containers
at a Time.

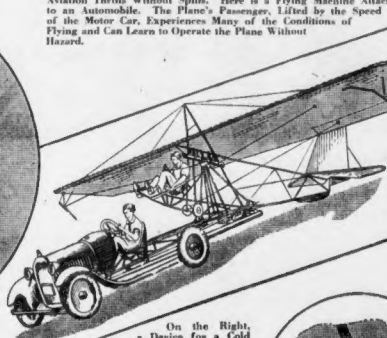
DEPRESSIONS may shut the doors of factories and upset financiers so they find it hard to remember why they neglected to pay their income taxes, but when times are hard inventors seem to be more inventive than in good times and they flood the United States Patent Office with all sorts of gadgets. Every week this busy and important establishment issues from 650 to 1,100 new patents.

The illustrations on this page show some of the more recent devices that may, or may not, find favor with manufacturers and consumers. One of the most interesting is a poison spreader intended to ease the lot of the farmer who cannot afford machinery to keep down the pests that attack his garden crops. The apparatus is a sort of yoke with two containers of liquid poison

Many People Who Take Shower Baths Dislike Having Their Heads Wet, Especially if They Are Planning to Go Out at Once. This Canning Arrangement Gives You a Shower, But Leaves the Hair Dry.

which saturates two pieces of fabric to be dragged over the rows of growing things. Another of the new patents is a cold pack harness which straps about the neck and over the top of the head. With such a contraption, the inventor believes, poultices, packs and the like can be kept firmly in place no matter how active the patient is.

Aviation Thrills Without Spills. Here is a Flying Machine Attached to an Automobile. The Plane's Passenger, Lifted by the Speed of the Motor Car, Experiences Many of the Conditions of Flying and Can Learn to Operate the Plane Without Hazard.



On the Right, a Device for a Cold Pack Which is Held in Place by Straps Around the Head and the Neck to Prevent Wobbling.

But perhaps the most ingenious of the devices to brighten the lives of interested persons is what might be called a non-hair-wetting shower bath. The inventor, aware of the number of persons who dislike getting their heads wet, especially in cold weather, has worked out a shower bath that sprays water on the shoulders and everywhere else on the body, but neatly avoids the bather's cranium.

The field of aviation has not been forgotten by the resourceful concocters of new ideas. Papers patent have been issued for a machine which is half automobile and half airplane and in which student fliers can go through some of the motions of flying without endangering their necks by actual flight. The plane is attached to a



sort of lever behind the driver's seat of the automobile and when the student pilot is seated at the controls, the chauffeur steps on the gas and the "flight" is on, although the would-be birdman,



Interesting Clock, Made in the Likeness of a Cheekie Cat, Whose Whiskers Are the Hands, and Whose Tail is the Pendulum.

or birdwoman, never has to go through the hazardous business of taking off and subjecting himself to the possibilities of a crack up. The plane can rise and fall and bank in response to pressure on the control stick and thus impart some of the rudiments of the science of flying.

Not the least fascinating of the new inventions is the cat-clock. The whiskers of the mechanical kitty are the hands that tell the time of day and the feline's tail is the pendulum.

Finds She's Double of Poor Little Rich Girl

A FEW Sundays ago, when Miss Georgianna Brett, of Sacramento, Cal., opened the American Weekly she was surprised, not to say startled, to see what she thought was her own picture looking out of the page. The illustration was a photograph, strangely enough, of another girl named Georgianna—Miss Georgianna Moore, of Brentwood Heights, Cal.—who was in a mess of trouble because she had quarreled with her wealthy mother and made the error of paying for merchandise with forged checks. The American Weekly's story of Miss Moore's escapade called her the "poor little rich girl."

The Misses Moore and Brett are not what might be called "types" and it is little wonder that the Sacramento girl found it difficult to believe that she was not looking at a picture of herself. From the widow's peak on the forehead to the slight cleft in the chin, the picture was remarkably "Brettish." Eyes, nose and mouth were virtual duplicates of those that grace the face of Georgianna Brett.

To show just how striking the resemblance is, Miss Brett went to the trouble of having her picture taken in the same pose as that assumed by the young woman who made the error of passing a check that bounced back from the bank. This picture and the one that appeared with the story of the poor little rich girl comprise one of the best examples of "doubles" in the country.



Georgianna Moore, the Girl Who Climaxed Her Spectacular Career, After a Dispute With Her Mother, by Landing in Jail on a Forgery Charge, and Whose Published Picture Attracted the Attention of Her Double, Who Also Bears the Same First Name.

Georgianna Brett, of Sacramento, California, Who Discovered She is Almost an Exact Duplicate of the Now Famous "Poor Little Rich Girl," Miss Brett Was Photographed in the Same Pose to Emphasize Their Resemblance.



The Crucifixion Plant in Bloom at the Department of Agriculture, in Washington. Iron Pipes Train Its Growth in the Form of a Cross.

The "Bleeding" Crucifixion Plant

ONE of the strangest plants in the Department of Agriculture's greenhouses, in Washington, D. C. is the so-called Crucifixion Plant, a comparatively rare species of thorn bush that takes its name from the legend that it is the same sort of bush from which the Cross of Thorns grew by the Saviour was made by his enemies.

The plant, which is not a particularly beautiful one, is known in the East by various names. Sometimes it is called Christ's Thorn Bush. It also is called the Jerusalem Thorn and the Palestine Thorn.

As the photograph shows, the Crucifixion Plant consists mostly of stalk, spiky with sharp thorns. Its leaves grow only at the ends of the branches and it blooms only once a year. It can be trained to grow in almost any form and superstitious people who have the odd bit of vegetation usually induce it to grow in the form of a cross.

For centuries the people of Asia Minor have regarded the plant with a sort of religious awe because of its supposed connection with the Saviour and because of the way in which it "bleeds" if the stalk is cut or broken. The sap that circulates through the spiky stalks is bright red in color and looks very much like blood.

There are tales of ignorant peasants who actually believe that the juice

of the plant is the blood of the Lord and that it is the worst of bad luck to cause the plant to bleed. If a child breaks off a branch and spills some of the blood the whole family goes into a period of fasting and prayer to atone for the "sin."

In many homes the sacred plant is given a place of honor and is a sort of family shrine before which the parents and children say their daily prayers. Besides being trained in the form of a cross, the thorn bushes are very often induced to grow in the shape of the crown, representing the crown that Christ was forced to wear during that tragic procession to Calvary.

When the Crucifixion Plant first begins to bloom, the small flowers that appear on its spiky branches are pinkish in color and they exude a slight but pleasant fragrance. But as the season advances the blossoms get gradually darker in color until they are deep crimson.

Like many other kinds of thorn bushes, the Crucifixion Plant is hardy and can get along with much less water and sun than is the case with many plants which are popular as home decorations. But it grows more luxuriantly and its blossoms are larger and more numerous when it is carefully tended and stimulated with fertilizer during the months that it is getting ready to break with blossoms.

Science Tries to Check Boy's Growth

MOST boys have the ambition to be bigger and stronger than they are, but Willard Akin, a 14-year-old Denver schoolboy, hopes that he never will grow any taller than he is. His parents hope so, too, and they have engaged a physician who is an expert in glandular diseases, to "stunt" the lad's growth, if that is possible.

Right now Willard towers six feet and eight inches above ground, and unless something is done to stop him he is likely to attain a height of eight feet before he gets his growth. After a series of examinations the physician diagnosed the trouble as one of overactive glands. In Willard's case the gland that is working overtime seems to be the pituitary. The doctor believes that he may keep the boy from growing at an unnatural rate by taking some of the fluid from the front of the gland and injecting it, hypodermically, in the back part of the gland. He already has done this several times, but it will take some time to find out whether the treatment is going to work.

The boy, unlike many other people whose glands make them giants in comparison with average human beings, finds no satisfaction in being head and shoulders above most of the other citizens of Denver. He would much rather be a mere five feet, or even shorter, though none of his schoolmates look upon him as a "freak."

Not because of his uncommon height but because he is a smart student and a good fellow, the rangy young man is about the most popular boy in the Horace Mann Junior High School. Not long ago he was elected head boy. Of course, it is too late to do anything about his present height. As long as he lives he never will be under six feet, eight inches. But medical men who are following his case with keen interest are confident that the "balancing" of the secretion of the pituitary gland, by taking the fluid from one section and putting it in another, will prevent the boy from growing more than a few inches beyond his present height.



Willard Akin, on the Right, is Only 14 Years Old. He is Already 6 Feet 8 Inches Tall, and Still Growing. He is Shown with Another Student at a Denver School.

Another French Actress Bride For Mr. Morris

The Chicago Millionaire's Expensive and Almost Endless Squabbles With Pretty Jeanne Aubert Did Not Deter Him From Trying for Better Luck Again From the Paris Footlights



Blanca Bilbao, the New Bride of Nelson Morris, in a Photograph Taken When She Was Dancing at the Cafe des Ambassadeurs in Paris.

MR. NELSON MORRIS, Chicago millionaire of the wealthy meat-packing family, has married another French actress, Mlle. Blanca Bilbao. He first picked Mlle. Jeanne Aubert, the Parisian musical comedy star, to make him happy; but the cat-and-dog squabbles that followed entertained newspaper readers both here and abroad for several years. At last the divorce courts rang down the curtain on the continuous performance comedy of their domestic wretchedness.

The trouble began when the actress announced her decision to go back to the stage, after Mr. Morris said there was no need for a wife of his to go to work and a glance at his safe-deposit box would prove it. And then the squabbles began.

"All the world," says Seneca, "aspires towards a happy life; but nobody knows in what it consists." Mr. Morris thought he had discovered the secret when he married Jeanne Aubert. Madly infatuated with the French star, he reared a golden staircase for her fancies to climb, melted millions in the crucible of the caprices, but made the fatal mistake of trying to Americanize a Parisienne. And then, lamentable to relate, he lacked elegance—in his wife's opinion.

"My husband," sighed the dancer, while the squabbles were going on, "takes delight in offending me by his scowling manners. Instead of suspenders, he wears a belt, and his shirt is always sticking out beneath his vest. Worst of all, he has formed the horrid habit of parking his feet on the piano. And mounted on the stilt of a patriotic absurd pride, he is forever poking fun at France and praising God's country."

I admire America—it is a wonderful country—but I love Paris. Because I didn't happen to be born with a title, his snobbish friends sneered at me and seemed to look down on me as if I came from the gutter. During my stay in Chicago I was not allowed to leave the hotel—gunmen and black-malers would kidnap me, he said. When I wanted to shop, I was compelled to telephone the stores and tell them to bring their goods to me. I soon regretted giving up my stage career to live with a man who seemed to judge of a person's abilities by his bank-roll, who cannot praise a trinket without dwelling on its cost.

Because I returned to France and started divorce proceedings, he was furious. My monthly allowance is only \$200—not enough to support my mother, myself and my dogs. He threatened theatre managers with law-

Mr. Nelson Morris and His First Wife in the Few Happy Days Before Their Matrimonial Troubles Began.

suits if I signed a contract with them. When I am penniless, perhaps he thinks I will fall down at his feet and beg for mercy. I do not forget his generosity in the past, but I can't live with him. The further away he is the better I like him. My husband says I am 'risky,' extravagant, vain and volatile, that he espoused a tempest. I know I am not perfect—we must accept ourselves as we are."

Mr. Morris, who is a grandson of the founder of Morris & Co., took his new bride, the other day, in a marriage ceremony which was arranged at Florense, near the Morris Summer home at Homewood, Illinois.

The new bride is not unknown to the first wife, because two years ago she threatened to sue Mlle. Bilbao for \$2,000,000 francs which, she said, was the amount of money Morris had given Mlle. Bilbao during the period when he was not paying Mlle. Aubert her alimony. Mlle. Bilbao was twenty years older than Mlle. Aubert, the pretty star asserted, and she could not imagine why her husband preferred the older and certainly not more attractive looking woman. The first wife further asserted that Mlle. Bilbao had followed Morris to this country.

Mr. Morris will not have the same trouble with his second wife that he

Back View of Jeanne Aubert Morris, Showing Draperies of Many Pearls Which Her Husband Bestowed Upon Her.

had with his first wife, as far as the French divorce situation is concerned, for Mlle. Bilbao gave up the stage for good, she declared, when she agreed to become Madame Morris.

"I am an actress," she said, "but marriage does not comport with my career, and I shall not try to mix the two."

It was all because Jeanne Aubert insisted on cleaving to her first love, her public, and going back on the stage. Mr. Morris declared, that their marriage went to pot. But Jeanne declared she left him "for other reasons" besides his sagging trousers, and that she had to go back to the theatre to make a living because the courts cut her alimony down to only \$200 a month. It was "just spite work" on the part of Mr. Morris, she declared, when he asked up an old French law under the Code Napoleon which decreed that a wife had to mind her husband, and that therefore it was illegal for her to appear on the stage without his permission. When she was barred from the French stage he even followed her to Switzerland and Belgium and invited similar laws there to keep her off the stage, so she sailed for the "land of the free," where a husband is no boss to the extent that he can keep his wife from being an actress if she wants to.

The Code Napoleon in France denies to a wife the right to sign contracts, buy, sell, go abroad or to do many other things she might want to do, without the consent of her husband. Woman was more free in ancient Egypt, two thousand years before the time of Christ, than she is in modern France. Her husband was mistress of the house, her husband being merely a sort of boarder or "privilege" who had to keep up the establishment.

At law she was the equal of her husband. But the French courts declared that the Palace Theatre in Paris had struck a blow at Mr. Morris' dignity by billboarding the city with the news that Jeanne Aubert would play in "Good News" despite the fact that her husband had forbidden her to do so, and Morris won the \$2,000,000 decision against the theatre, which was increased by \$120 additional damages every time the star appeared there in future. The musical comedy with me and become an American citizen," he said, "she ridiculed the idea. Now I am going to have my revenge by punishing her with her country's own laws. Any gesture in the 'making up' line will have to come from her."

When I asked her to live in the United States with me and become an American citizen," he said, "she ridiculed the idea. Now I am going to have my revenge by punishing her with her country's own laws. Any gesture in the 'making up' line will have to come from her."

Jeanne did not make any move at this finally to put all the distance she could between her husband and herself by a gift of \$40,000—but she had

charged them to him and had not paid for them out of the gift. Those pearls were to cause Jeanne a lot of trouble later. The appeal decision went against Jeanne, and she had to give up all idea of appearing on the stage in France as long as she was the wife of Nelson Morris. When she had sued him for divorce there was not much she could say against him, for trousers sagging a little because a man doesn't wear suspenders can hardly be classed among the "injurious graves," or serious insults for which the French courts award divorces. Instead of the lack of suspenders she charged him with desertion, in that he had gone off on a trip on the Graf Zeppelin, leaving poor little worried Jeanne all alone in Paris. He had gone off without her permission, and a man certainly ought to have his wife's consent before he went sailing off on a hazardous voyage like that, said Jeanne, therefore it was just rank desertion.

While the French courts agreed this was technical desertion, they did not seem terribly impressed by the gravity of the offense, and they reduced her temporary alimony from the \$2,000 a month she demanded to \$1,000 a month and finally to a mere \$200. This was very hard on Jeanne. She had to live on \$200 a month, she who had been used to \$40,000 gifts—Morris gave her altogether \$300,000 before she went back on the stage, he asserted. He said he would fight her suit for divorce to the last gasp, for he had no intention of justifying her in divorcing him.

When I asked her to live in the United States with me and become an American citizen," he said, "she ridiculed the idea. Now I am going to have my revenge by punishing her with her country's own laws. Any gesture in the 'making up' line will have to come from her."

Entrance to Mlle. Aubert's Chateau at Le Vesinet, a Suburb of Paris, Which Was One of the Many Expensive Gifts Her Husband Bestowed on Her.

screen career. She has won two important points in the legal fight with her husband. In the first place the courts held that the money she had in her bank in Paris, which happened to be about \$40,000, the amount of the biggest money gift Morris had made her, was hers alone and her husband could not touch it. Furthermore, the \$40,000 villa in which they had lived at Le Vesinet, near Paris, called the Chateau de Tourville, was hers because it was bought in her name.

Morris claimed he had bought the villa for her, and Jeanne claimed she had bought it with her own money. The chateau is one of the show places of the Paris environs. It is a mansion shaded by beautiful trees, girdled by flower gardens and a turf smooth as velvet. Jeanne had a passion for collecting art treasures while she was married to Morris, and the chateau is crammed with fine paintings, rare books, and objects of art in ivory, jade and amethyst. Before she sailed for America, Jeanne gave a spectacular fête to which "all Paris" was invited.

Though she was three thousand miles away from her chateau, Jeanne kept a full staff of servants there the year round, just as if she were occupying it. She said she needed them to keep her show gardens in order, and to guard her art treasures and her twenty-three dogs. She left only twenty-two of

The \$100,000 Legs of Jeanne Aubert Which Mr. Morris Thought Belonged to His But His Wife Decried Belonged to Her Public.

them there to "accuse, taking one, a Scotch carrier named Ricker, to America with her."

But in America, Jeanne began to have her troubles over those two miserable old pearls. They were just a couple of details in an overflowing jewel box. Jeanne wore more jewels and never stands to imitations. Even her hairpins are some gold. She always wears a diamond heart dancing from a slim platinum chain bracelet. "Somebody else" wears a duplicate of this which she gave him—but it isn't Nelson Morris. The unnamed "somebody" it is in his vest pocket attached to a watch chain.

But the "two miserable pearls" caused Jeanne more anxiety than all the rest of her jewels combined. They were worth only a matter of \$10,000, but when the jewellers saw she bought them from said no for the purchase price, she refused indignantly to pay—even it she could. "She said Mr. Morris had told her distinctly that it was all right for her to go ahead and buy them. Mr. Morris said yes and told her that, all right, but he also given her \$40,000 at the same time, and it was distinctly understood that she was to pay for the pearls out of that, and out the \$36,000 change in her pocket."

The lawyers to the jewelry company attacked Jeanne's bank account, her imported automobile and all the other property she could find, and made things very distressing for Jeanne. She had the right idea of giving back the old pearls but the jewelry company said no, they wanted "want" the pearls in 1929, when they were bought. The \$40,000 checks from Nelson Morris had stopped, and the \$200 a month alimony Jeanne was getting didn't go far. She was finally free by getting a divorce from her, on the grounds of desertion.

New, Mr. Morris can show off another pretty French actress bride as he showed off Jeanne when he married her in 1928. He brought Jeanne to Chicago and opened up the great Francis Neilson mansion on Drexel Boulevard for her. He took her in season to Palm Beach where the finest examples of feminine beauty and fine clothes gather, and no woman had anything on Mr. Morris' bride.

He feels the same way about his second French actress wife. And Blanca Bilbao indicates that she will profit by the errors Jeanne Aubert made, and even if she is an actress by profession, Mr. Morris will have no worry about her deserting him for the footlights.

Divorced His Wife, 29—Married Another, Aged 74



Rose Ann, the First Mrs. Curtis, 29 Years Old, Who Did Not Contest the Divorce Proceedings Introduced After a Brief Married Life.

If some of the youthful and boyish-looking husband's friends have the situation sized up correctly, his marriage to a gray-haired and respectable woman old enough to be his great-grandmother is his telling way of telling the world that love is a tragic joke and that he is through with romance as it is commonly understood.

The aged Mrs. Curtis does not subscribe to any such notion. It means little to her that her handsome young spouse recently divorced his 29-year-old wife after a much publicized divorce suit which the first Mrs. Curtis did not contest and which provided no alimony, although she is the mother of Franklin Delano Curtis, a little fellow named for the President.

She cares not at all when gossip comes to her ears that she caught her good-looking mate on the rebound, as the saying goes.

"When Maynard came to my house to board," she says, "he was the sunshine of the place and he fell in love with me, too. I can't see anything especially unusual in our getting married. That's what people frequently do when they find it is love."

The young man, thinking perhaps to save his bride-to-be from unnecessary publicity, went into the license office

alone. He gave his name and that of the woman he intended to marry.

"Where is the lucky girl?" asked the license clerk.

"She's out in the hall," said Mr. Curtis.

"Well, you'll have to bring her in here to be sworn," he was told.

He went out and after a time came back with Mrs. Barber.

"Here she is," said the young man. "Don't kid her," ordered the clerk. "I haven't got time to play. Bring in the bride-to-be."

"I'm not kidding you," explained the "sanchino" of Mrs. Barber's boarding house. "This is the woman I'm going to marry."

The clerk still didn't believe what he heard. He turned his attention to the motherly woman smiling shyly at him.

"I'll tell you know the future Mrs. Curtis very well, don't you?" he asked.

"You bet I do," said the woman. "Is she a blonde, or a brunette?"

asked the clerk, still thinking that he was having a hand in a game that amused a young man and his mother, or his mother-in-law.

"Neither," snapped Mrs. Barber. "I am the bride, or I soon will be."

The clerk saw that the woman on the other side of the counter was serious and a little angry. He sobered in his manner and reminded her that Mr. Curtis had told him that the bride-to-be was only 54 years old.

"Are you telling me that that is your age?" he demanded.

"That's none of your business," said the gray-haired widow, promptly found out that it was not the clerk's business, and she reluctantly agreed to give a truthful answer to every question he asked her.

"All right," he must know, she snapped, "in seventy-four."

An hour later Mrs. Barber became the mother of three married sons, she exclaimed, "With a 29-year-old stepfather!"

When Mrs. Curtis Klumpnauer, the new Mrs. Curtis's 50-year-old daughter, was told the details of her mother's elopement, she held her head in her hands.

"Can you imagine a mother of three married sons," she exclaimed, "with a 29-year-old stepfather?"

The bride smiled happily for all that. "Maynard is such a good boy," she assured those who congratulated the unusual couple. "He'll take care of me, and that will be nice. It's been so awfully lonely since Mr. Barber died seven years ago. Almost every night I cried myself to sleep. Loneliness is a terrible thing. I'm happy that it's over for me."

The bridegroom, although he seemed in fair spirits, had little to say.

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Mrs. Lida Barber, the 74-Year-Old Bride, Who Says She and Her Youthful Husband Will Be Very Happy.

Christmas Trees of the Desert

THE boys and girls of the northern and central section of the country would think that something had gone strangely awry if they happened to be in the desert regions of the Southwest at Christmas time. They would look in vain for their familiar Christmas trees of fir, spruce, cedar and, sometimes, pine. And in place of these ancient and useful symbols of Christmas they would find the youngsters of Southern Arizona and California gathered about lighted and tinsel-covered "trees" which are not really trees at all, but vegetables with no branches and only an ugly trunk bristling with needle-like thorns.

Santa Claus is an ingenious fellow, however, and he doesn't mind whether the family tree is a fir or a giant cactus—which is the Christmas tree for hundreds of folks in the arid regions of the Southwest. The photograph at the right shows two youthful citizens of the desert playing about what they know as a Christmas tree and which grows in the sandy soil in the yard of their home.

The giant cactus, which the scientists call the saguaro, is an evergreen, even if it isn't a tree. In areas where no rain has fallen for as long as four years, these hardy bits of vegetation have stayed green and healthy. In the Spring the cactus bears red, apple-like berries. It mysteriously gathers moisture where there seems to be none and surpasses the camel in the length of time it can go without a good drink.

Almost never do families who live in the desert cut down a giant cactus and take it into the house to be set up in the living room or beside the fireplace. They hold their holiday ceremonies out-of-doors and usually have good-sized cactus growing in the yard. Sometimes the sharp spines of the plant are decorated with candles as well as with the usual strings of shiny tinsel and colored ornaments. In many parts of the Southwest where communities are supplied with electric current the cactus plants, like evergreen trees in more northerly sections of the country, are hung with strings of brightly colored electric lights, which are turned on at night from before Christmas until New Year's.

Desert Children Enjoying Their Christmas Tree, a Small Cactus Plant, Ornately Decorated.



Desert Children Enjoying Their Christmas Tree, a Small Cactus Plant, Ornately Decorated.

Sad Movie of a Meeting Between a Hornet and a Cicada

A NEW YORK news cameraman, on his way to an assignment to take the pictures of several human beings who were engaged in a bitter battle in the courts of justice, recently stumbled upon a battle to the death between two enemies of the insect world. The struggle was taking place on the sidewalk and a crowd of curious onlookers was enjoying the show.

The contestants, as the photographs show, were a female hornet and a cicada, more commonly called the tree locust. Because the cicada was bigger and covered with thick plates of natural armor, the spectators were betting on it to make short work of the hornet. But the hornet obviously knew what to do with this stocky hard-shelled adversary and, after a few minutes of clever maneuvering, managed to deliver a death thrust with its tin stinger.

The battle began when the insects, crawling along the sidewalk, saw each other. Instead of taking wing and avoiding trouble, they approached one another like a pair of wrestlers and began to move in circles. Early in the first round it became apparent that the

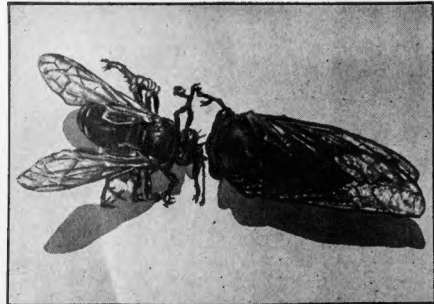
female hornet was the aggressor and that she was spooling for an argument. Neither of the insects wasted much time in preliminaries. Tired by the watch of one of the onlookers, the warriors maneuvered for not more than three minutes before they fell into a

clinch, with a violent beating of wings and kicking of legs. Each tried, as human wrestlers do, to get the other off its feet and on its back. The hornet, for all her minbleness, could not seem to tip over her heavier opponent, so she abandoned football tactics and cautiously forced her head against the blunt snout of the cicada.

With the remarkable intelligence that many insects seem to have, she thrust rapidly here and there with her

potent stinger until she located a vulnerable spot between two of the locust's hard sections of armor. And the instant that this opening was found she plunged the diminutive sword into her enemy's body and, as the saying goes, "gave him the works."

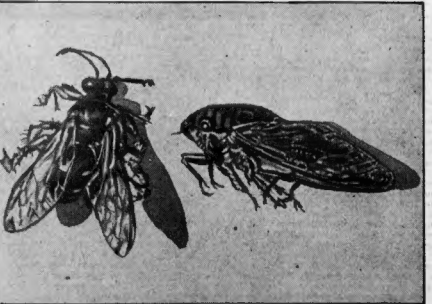
As everyone who ever has been bitten by a hornet knows, the insect can inflict a painful wound. In the case of the cicada, the sting caused paralysis and, within a few minutes, death.



The Locust, on the Right, and the More Aggressive Lady Hornet, as They Encountered Each Other.



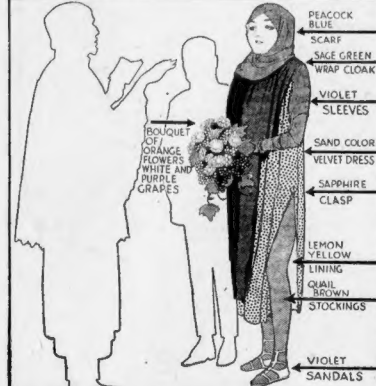
Without Any Long-Drawn Preliminaries, They Decide That a Fight Is Unavoidable and They Open Hostilities.



It Doesn't Last Long. The Hornet Packs a Vicious Sting. The Cicada Is Paralyzed With Pain and Dies Without Putting Up Much of a Defense.

Science Explains the Spreading Vogue of Nudism

Professor Laird Points Out That It Is One of Mankind's Natural Urges to "Show Off," Which Often Find Expression in Many Other Ways



Diagrammatic Picture Showing the Unconventional Bridal Costume Worn by Lady Constance Richardson at Her Wedding, Which Attracted the Astonished Gaze of the Guests and Satisfied Her Urge to Show Off.

By DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph. D., Sci. D., F. R. S., A., Director, Colgate University Psychological Laboratory, Hamilton, N. Y.

HOW to account for the spreading vogue of nudism which is creeping over the world puzzles many people. But science understands and knows the answer. Psychologists recognize it as a form of showing off. It is a phase of narcissistic self-love, named from the beautiful Greek Narcissus, who passed over a spring to get a drink of water and fell in love with his reflected image and tumbled drinking it into the pool, only to be drowned. It is characteristic of human beings to show off, to parade or exploit the whole or some part of themselves. With some it is the tenderly cared for little moustache, with others whiskers. Women show off by wearing as few clothes as possible, while others wear elaborate clothes, furs and jewels. Men indulge the impulse by the care or conspicuousness with which they dress and the fresh buttonholes always displayed. The gangster looks forward to his day of supreme show-off with his friends gathered around his solid silver casket. The human race displays this exhibitionism at a very early age when children begin to converse, doing conversational or doing other things to attract attention to themselves when a visitor calls at the house. While many lose this tendency as they grow older, yet many others feel the urge to show off all through their lives and are likely to make good dressmakers' manikins, or artists' models, actors, preachers, hotel doormen and bathing beauties.

The natural urge to show off sometimes expresses itself in quite remarkable ways. Some years ago Lady Constance Richardson, who had often started British fashionable society by the strange things she did, gave an extraordinary exhibition of show-off at her wedding. Instead of coming to the altar with the usual bridal bouquet, the guests could hardly believe their eyes as they studied her bridal outfit. Instead of flowers, two great bunches of grapes were in her hands—the badge of Bacchus and symbol of fruition. Draped over her head, flying with a raking sweep to the floor, was a peacock blue scarf forward to a bridal veil. Her bridal wrap was a vivid sage green and, under its folds, there peeped out a lemon-yellow lining. And out of the coat dropped violet sleeves.

The bridal gown, instead of being demure and bride-like in white, was a rich sand-colored velvet, the skirt brought with a brilliant sapphire clasp revealing Lady Constance's leg well above the knee, sheathed in silk, transparent, brown tights, and on her feet were violet-colored sandals.

While Lady Constance Richardson chose this bizarre method of gratifying her impulse to show off, Mlle. Colette, the popular French novelist, gratified her impulse by appearing on the beach in a bathing suit constructed by a tailor on Mademoiselle's orders and made up from fifty yards of ribbon.

Direct body exhibitionism, which psychologists call *anastrophe*, makes some persons more than willing to pose in the nude for sculptors or to do the strip dance or join a nudist colony. But nudism, either in an individual or in a group or colony, is nothing especially new. Nudism has had its day before. It has become a fad again in recent months—like slit skirts or high heels of bygone days. Like all fads it is likely to die out before another reign of election and we will look upon the exhibitionism of today as almost as amusing as hooded skirts.

"God be thanked," the French historian Dulaure quotes an old document,



Ex-Mayor Jimmy Walker, Who Enjoyed His Reputation of Being the Best Dressed Man in New York, Although by Some It Was Said That His Clothes Were a "Cheap Style."

of their own. But most of the colonies have a long application blank that must be filled out and passed upon before the applicant can become a member. Many have a line on which the applicant must secure the permission of the married partner to join the colony.

Most people who become nudists, however, do not join the colony they select, because of a deep scientific knowledge of the healthful benefits of ultra-violet rays or of ventilation of the body surface by gentle air currents, both of which are prevented, of course, by conventional, tight and heavy clothing. It is not knowledge, but mental drives which lead people to become nudists in most instances. In some few cases the desire to become a nudist amounts almost to a mental abnormality. At every hospital for mental patients there are several patients whose mental disorder is associated with an overwhelming impulse to tear off their clothes; this symptom is more marked among women than men patients.

Early in the chill start of October, 1933, for instance, night motorists in Connecticut were astonished when their headlights lighted up the head figure of a young woman walking serenely along the roadway clad only in a pair of run-over high-heeled shoes. Her clothes were found scattered along the roadside for a mile or more, where she had thrown them in her reckless abandon. Like some of the patients in mental hospitals through the country, she had the impulse to go naked, developed until it was abnormal in its intensity. She was not expecting to obtain ultra-violet light from the headlights of passing automobiles, she just had an irresistible urge to go naked.

Most normal persons, however, get all the exhibitionism their mental make-up craves by dressing up in their best clothes, by wearing jewelry, or by occasionally putting on a low-backed bathing suit. When this urge becomes too strong, then nudism begins to appeal to people as one of the world's most desirable things that could be indulged in.

Women Who Overload Themselves With Clothes, Furs and Jewels Satisfy the Human Impulse to Show Off.

A few who have an overdose of this urge may actually have it earn them money by joining the chorus of a musical show or burlesque troupe, or by dancing semi-nude at "the midway" or the Century of Progress Exposition, or by wanting to become a demonstrator before crowds in front of a show window. A lesser amount of this exhibitionist urge—but still a strong dose of it—promptly still others to want to become actors or preachers or soapbox orators.

A few people are frightened when they discover this apparently perfectly natural impulse within themselves, and they try to fight it, to keep it down as something wicked and abnormal. Censors of exhibits of real art are usually people who, like many reformers, are fighting this urge within themselves to show off. Another mental factor that makes some people become nudists is too much curiosity, just as some new and normal persons become "Peeping Toms" as a result of this tendency. Managers of nudist camps and clubs realize this, and that is one reason why they have application blanks which they hope will keep the more curious out. They do not usually

Mlle. Colette, the Well-Known French Novelist, Gratified Her Impulse to Be Conspicuous by Appearing on the Beach in a Bathing Suit Which Had Been Constructed by a Tailor on Mademoiselle's Own Figure and Made Up From 50 Yards of Ribbon.

realize, however, that a small amount of this exaggerated curiosity is what prompts most of their numbers to become nudists. Just as others are attracted to nude works of art, or to watch Sally Rand disport clothed in the blue spotlight.

Once a new member is inside the nudist colony, Dr. Howard S. Warren, of Princeton University, reports his observations, this strong curiosity to see the human body seems to disappear rapidly. Interested in the opposite sex even faster quickly, he also noted in his first-hand study of German camps of nudists near Klingenberg; perhaps this is because of disillusionment when one sets and colorful outer garments are discarded.

People fall in love and get married in nudist camps, of course, but nudism itself does not appear to increase these desires; in fact, it may work in the opposite direction once the concealing glamour of clothes is removed. Clothing is desired by many people, naturally, because the garments can skillfully conceal their bodily defects, as powder can be shown and the nudism may be just a guise for immortality, but in general, things work out in spite of the more than normal amount of curiosity and exhibitionism which must be guiding motives to join even the best and most carefully regulated groups.

It believed by some that the repression of innocent childhood curiosity need the urge to show off in the complete nude greater than normal. The possibility of body exhibitionism is stronger in women than in men is shown not only by the contour and shape revealing vogue in women's dresses, but also by the great increase in the number of beauty parlor, and in the sale of cosmetic, the young girl 15 seconds to undress, while the modern girl can shed her clothes in three seconds flat. Equally obvious, to those with a little psychological insight, is exhibitionism shown in the effort to use big words, to talk about trips abroad, to dress flashily, to go to all possible public gatherings. Needless driving, confessing to crimes not committed, talking about personal poor health, bragging that one does not care about etiquette all reveal the show-off.

While the young man may risk his own life in a roadster to show off, the older man can do it with unnecessarily elaborate entertainments and parties, wearing imposing lodge regalia, parades and so on. Abundant examples of the different ways individuals show off can easily be cited. Jimmy Walker, late Mayor of New York, enjoyed being pointed out as "the best dressed man in New York," although by many his clothes were regarded as a "cheap style." Many recall Oscar Wilde and his famous black velvet suit, a suit which had this become that, when he was scheduled to lecture at Boston, a group of Harvard students in their hands and dress and paraded into the hall attired in knee breeches and silk stockings and carrying an flowers in their hands. There was the famous Berry Wall, "The King of the Dudes," a generation ago, who expressed his exhibitionism in clothes and started a battle of haberdashery. Women who load themselves with jewels do so because of the show-off urge. Diemitz's vest buttons attracted as much attention in his time as the recent flight of Balbo. He went further than vest buttons and acquired an embroidered Andalusian jacket in which he went visiting. He left Malta dressed like a Greek straitjacket and stayed in a turban. Dressed in a black velvet coat, polky-colored trousers, a red velvet waistcoat and wearing his rings on top of his gloves, he visited Caroline Norton, English poetess and novelist. The French actress, Germaine Grell, nee, Masterlinck's wife, always would appear on the street and in the drawing rooms as a Rubens' virgin, a Greek priestess, a Venus, or an allegory by Memling. One Winter day in Brussels she was on the streets in an amethyst velvet dress adorned with gold braid, followed by a long train with which she swept the cobblestones clean, and all topped off by a hood of fur. Amazing as such a costume was, it helped more than satisfy the urge to show off—wherever she went others dropped aside to gaze at her and gave way to her.

Jim Fisk, in the 70's, even paid off all the debts of the 9th Regiment so that he could have a military uniform and lead their useless parades. A short time later he became "admiral" of the miniature Narragansett Steamship Company, and every afternoon would watch his boat leave the pier and display himself in admiral's uniform with a huge diamond sparkling inappropriately on his shirt front. But as I have remarked, history shows that the world has had its waves of nudism for centuries, even subdued and so will the present one.

Twice Doomed To Execution

ONCE homeless and unwanted; later branded a criminal and twice under sentence of death; now a highly respected and well loved character with a bank account of his own.

Thus reads the story of Red Romeo of Baldwin, Kansas. It was three years ago that Red Romeo, giant mongrel tipping the scales close to a hundred and forty pounds, trotted into Baldwin to make his fortune.

No fanfare heralded Red Romeo's entrance into town. He was scarcely noticed except by other canines, and with once glancing at the stranger, most of them passed by on the other side. The few that did object never let their objections be known a second time. Red Romeo is a baryweight, and although he never picks a fight he doesn't run from one. He has never been known to lose a fight.

Red Romeo lost no time in starting his career. With quiet dignity that would do credit to the bluest of blue-bloods he began his daily round of the town.

He showed no favorites. Although never demonstrative in his affections, he paid his respects to each business man. Starting at one end of the business district he would visit each store, office and shop. If the attendants were too busy to open the door for him immediately he would sit down and wait. Once inside he would wag his tail in friendly greeting and after receiving an affectionate pat on the head would proceed to the next business house.

Completing his round he would find a comfortable spot on the sidewalk and lie down to snooze. For more than a year Red Romeo led a happy existence, and then Fate dealt him a cruel blow. One day he discovered the big lair did not have a dog license. Before his friends learned of the predicament a collar was placed around his neck, he was tied to a tree, and an officer of the law was instructed to end his career with a well-placed bullet.

As the rifle cracked, Red Romeo lunged and slipped

his collar. The bullet missed the vital spot but inflicted a serious neck wound.

Friends found him a few hours later in a critical condition from loss of blood. Tender hands carried him to the rear room of a store, and he was placed upon a comfortable bed. Gallantly he fought for life.

Soon he was able to stir from his sick bed. Before he was allowed to leave the improved infirmity had been passed among the business men and a dog license was purchased with the donations. Once more he began his daily round of the town, his first time of danger.

Never had the future appeared so promising for Red Romeo. True the bullet wound had affected his vocal organs and he has never been so lusty as before, but the misfortune had bound him more closely to his friends.

Yet an unkind Fate was destined to play another trick on the gallant Romeo. A resident whose name apparently was not included in the list of the dog's friends complained to city officials that the dog was a nuisance.

The city council still in session, was the court that heard the case. At the end of the second session the accused was found guilty. Once more he was sentenced to death.

From store to office to shop the news flashed. "He must not die," the citizens cried. "He has done so much for the town."

Approximately two hundred of his friends in Baldwin signed a petition begging Mayor Carl Buttel to pardon the town's pet.

Still another line of defense was drawn. Fearful the petition would not bring the desired pardon a group of business men proved themselves friends in need and prepared to take the case before J. A. Pollock, justice of the peace, and demanded a jury hearing.

Newspapers made Red Romeo's plight the subject of news stories, and his fame spread beyond the bounds of Baldwin to strike a responsive chord in the hearts of dog lovers throughout the country.

They swung into action as a unit. From near and far came telegrams and letters pleading for mercy. Many senders followed the example of H. F. Field of Kansas City, Mo., and enclosed a check for a "protection fund."

The deluge was too much for Mayor Buttel and the city council.

So far as I am concerned Red Romeo will be permitted to live to a ripe old age," the Mayor declared. "The citizens are judge and jury in this case. He will not be put to death."

As news of Red Romeo's pardon spread throughout the country the checks continued to pour into Baldwin. These were not for his "protection fund," but for his future.

One admirer, unacquainted with the dog's previous experience with a collar, sent an ornamental harness.

Instantly his memory flashed back to the day he so barely escaped a death of shame after having suffered a collar to be placed around his neck. It was a docile Red Romeo that let it be known he would wear no man's collar. To emphasize his determination and independence he was gone three days. No one has replaced the harness.

Using his misfortune as a rung in a ladder to greater fame and fortune, Red Romeo again faced a future of promise. But one difficulty remained to be ironed out, and it was in the field of civil law rather than criminal. It was discovered that no one had authority to take charge of Red Romeo's estate, now grown into a comfortable fortune for a bachelor canine.

Once more the city council was called into session to consider the affairs of Red Romeo. Two meetings were spent in wrangling over the question, and then it was decided to appoint a trustee.

C. M. Showalter, a Baldwin business man and staunch friend of Red Romeo, accepted the responsibility.

The money was deposited to Red Romeo's account in a local bank, and now checks for his needs are signed "Red Romeo by C. M. Showalter, trustee."

The few dogs that objected to Red Romeo's presence in town, never let their objections be known a second time. Romeo never lost a fight, although he never picked one.

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Where You Bathe in Public

IN a Japanese hotel the gentlemen guests dine in private but bathe in public, all in one big tub—with a polite serving-maid to help them off and on with their clothes and to scrub their backs for them. A patron may pay very little for his food, lodging and maid-service, but if he is rich he is expected to leave as much as twenty-five dollar tip when he settles his ten-dollar hotel bill. But so many things are furnished for him that he doesn't have to carry any luggage when he travels.

G. Ward Price, a visitor in Tokyo, found these surprising customs when he set out for a jaunt on foot over the countryside. His friends in the city had told him that to see Japan as it really is he must take a week-end walking tour, so he followed their advice.

He picked up a Japanese schoolboy to act as his interpreter, for all signposts and time tables are in native writing and he could speak no Japanese. He told his interpreter he would like to carry very little baggage with him.

"If we stop at Japanese inn we shall need no baggage at all," said the interpreter.

"Well, I mean pajamas and that sort of thing," said Mr. Price.

"Japanese inn will provide night-clothes."

"I didn't care to be wearing somebody else's clothes."

"Night-clothes all perfectly clean. It is Japanese custom. You will have 'yukata' to sleep in; kimono and slippers to wear in house."

"But what about tooth-brushes?"

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and Tokyo alone has thousands of public bath-houses. Every Japanese has to have at least one bath a day, and that a very hot one.

The bathroom in his country inn, Mr. Price found, was a public one, with one big tank full of steaming water and his fellow-guests. There were six men in the tank, all colored a bright pink instead of their normal yellow because the water was so hot. The custom, it was explained, was for each bather to take first a little wooden tub, wash and rinse himself thoroughly, and then get in the tank and stay in it as long as he could bear it.

Mr. Price stuck a toe into the water and found it almost scalding.

"I can't possibly stand that," he told his interpreter.

Naked as he was, the interpreter called the chamber-maid, who came into the public bathroom without a sign of embarrassment.

"She says there is a private bath you can have, and you can put as much cold water in it as you want to, but you cannot put cold water into this hotel bath."

To the private bath the chamber-maid led Mr. Price. He had hardly grabbed on his black cotton kimono when she came into the tank and poured tea as fast as he could drink. When he was smilingly waited for him to take it.

Mr. Price yelled for his interpreter: "Now long does this young man have to stay here?"

"She is washing to wash your back," shouted the school-boy. "It is old Japanese custom."

For a maid to scrub the guest's back, Mr. Price learned, is looked on as just a kindly little extra attention, like helping him with his overcoat would be in America. He declined the courtesy.

At dinner, which was served privately in Mr. Price's room, a little maid squatted on the opposite side of the table and poured tea as fast as he could drink. When he was smilingly waited for him to take it.

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Send Her Own Father to Jail for 25 Years

A GIRL who for "revenge" sent her aged father to prison for 25 years, then repented and spent years in trying to get him out again, has at last succeeded. The girl is Viola Duke, now 22—was old, whose 70-year-old and one-armed father, James O. Duke, walked free the other day from Texas State Prison.

Viola, a girl who was very "wild" and resented all efforts of her father to correct her, had spent years in reformatories before and after the trial at which she persuaded herself in order to have her father sent away to prison. Just because she was "tired" of him, and "didn't want him meddling" in her affairs, Viola accused her father of mistreating her, his own daughter. There was ugly public feeling at the trial, and Duke barely escaped with his life. His lawyers advised him to plead guilty and throw himself on the mercy of the court, as the one possible means of escaping a death sentence. His term was fixed at 25 years in prison, which meant for life, because he was an old man.

That was in 1924. Two years later Viola reformed, was converted in a convent, and since then has spent nearly all her time begging governors, judges and pardon board officials to believe that she lied when she testified against her father. None would believe her. They didn't think it was possible that any girl could tell such a monstrous lie. But Governor Miriam A. "Ma" Ferguson at last was convinced, and also to pity for Duke because the old man was dying of cancer. She granted him a general pardon and the prison gates opened for him.

Duke had not more longer to live, but his repentant daughter promises to do everything she possibly can to make him comfortable in his last days.

Viola was a victim of an unfortunate home life, and was not responsible for what her environment made of her, social workers say in her defense. She was an incorrigible child, living in an atmosphere of strife and quarreling, and at 12 she ran away from home. She was sent to an orphanage in Memphis, Tenn., where the Dukes then lived. She ran away and was caught again, many times. Finally she was sent to a State reformatory. Her parents had been divorced, her father going to work in the oil fields

and she was brought up by her mother, who was a very bad woman, and she was very wild and resented all efforts of her father to correct her, had spent years in reformatories before and after the trial at which she persuaded herself in order to have her father sent away to prison. Just because she was "tired" of him, and "didn't want him meddling" in her affairs, Viola accused her father of mistreating her, his own daughter. There was ugly public feeling at the trial, and Duke barely escaped with his life. His lawyers advised him to plead guilty and throw himself on the mercy of the court, as the one possible means of escaping a death sentence. His term was fixed at 25 years in prison, which meant for life, because he was an old man.

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That was in 1924. Two years later Viola reformed, was converted in a convent, and since then has spent nearly all her time begging governors, judges and pardon board officials to believe that she lied when she testified against her father. None would believe her. They didn't think it was possible that any girl could tell such a monstrous lie. But Governor Miriam A. "Ma" Ferguson at last was convinced, and also to pity for Duke because the old man was dying of cancer. She granted him a general pardon and the prison gates opened for him.

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Could Stand Losing \$3,000,000 But Not the Pictures He'd Painted

Mr. Trompeter, Who Has Invented Everything from an Automatic Doughnut Maker to a Breath Odor Indicator (and Is a Stock Broker and Musical Composer Besides) Tells the Court of His Anguish When His Wife and Mother-in-Law "Got Even" With Him by Slashing His Beloved Paintings



Mrs. Sugerman, Mr. Trompeter's Mother-in-Law, in Centre With Mrs. Trompeter and Her Friend Mildred Keshman Who Has Submitted an Affidavit in Mrs. Trompeter's Behalf.

IN RUDYARD KIPPLING's perhaps most famous story, "The Light That Failed," the blind genius has masterpieces, "Melancholia," which he painted while going blind, slashed and mutilated by a woman. It is the great climax of a powerful story.

A similar case—although beyond the destruction of the paintings there is no similarity between the two women—has been revealed in the separation suit of Trompeter versus Trompeter, brought before the Bronx County, New York, Supreme Court.

David Dewey Trompeter, inventor, Wall Street broker, musical composer and painter, saw his \$3,000,000 fortune vanish in the recent market slump. But he didn't mind that at all. With new inventions pouring out of his brain, he expected to make plenty more millions.

He saw his wife walk out on him, too, bringing a separation suit, with cruelly charges. Mr. Trompeter might have stood that and even let her put an alimony mortgage on his future without opposition.

But he says that before departing, Mrs. Trompeter and her mother took a knife and destroyed fifteen oil paintings he had created. When his eyes fell on this destruction the inventor who could lose \$3,000,000 with a woman was overwhelmed with anger. Inventors have to be the most patient of men and the proverb says:

"Beware the wrath of a patient man!"

Trompeter's reputation as an inventor is secure and making money faster than vines. Wall Street and tax collectors can take it away from him happens to be easy for this man. But he had spent the last twenty years on those paintings, some of which he hoped would be hung in the Louvre, at Paris, thus making him an immortal as an artist. To lose them was ruin, indeed.

Dick, the painter in Kipling's story, had gone blind, but Bessie's vandalism made him suddenly see that woman in a new light. Though Trompeter's eyesight is good, he says that during the first years of his marriage, he was so busy with other things as to be blind to any idea that his wife would ever do anything like that.

Mr. Trompeter is a sort of quadruple personality. Inventor, stock broker, musician and artist. As an inventor he could only bring his hands in despair; as a stockbroker he was broke and, therefore, helpless; as a musician the best he could do was to pound out his agony of soul on the piano—but as his wife and mother-in-law were miles away, it would not even annoy them.

Then up rose the inventive personality and averaged his color artistic self so successfully that Justice Ernest L. Hanner denied Mrs. Trompeter's plea for temporary alimony on the basis of her hands down on opinion that Mrs. Trompeter's suit could not succeed. Trompeter achieved this matrimonial victory by digging into his wife's past and bringing into court the fossilized skeletons he turned up.

At first, the inventor says, he had never occurred to him that his wife had a past. He had accepted her at her face value, just as he would a pound of chemicals, labeled "U. S. P. Chemically Pure." But when chemicals do not behave properly, he says, he turned himself to see what makes them act that way. With that same relentless analytical mind he started peeling up his wife's history.

The research began by ransacking his

Mr. Trompeter in His Legal Complaint Confesses His Agony Over His Ruined Canvases in These Words:
"I had fifteen oil paintings which I had worked on for many years and which I was desirous of displaying. All of these paintings were destroyed by my wife and mother-in-law with a sharp knife."

Louis C. Loewenstein was a mechanical and electrical engineer who had been a professor of mechanical engineering at Lehigh University, lecturer at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Harvard, Wellesley and Columbia, as well as author of many learned books and papers.

The professor is not exactly a fossil because he is still alive and only 67 years old. Trompeter located Dr. Loewenstein at his New York city home and showing him the document, says that the professor admitted that it recorded the culmination of a "very disastrous affair" between himself and Esther Elizabeth Sugerman.

Mr. Trompeter thinks that Esther might have taken the trouble to mention that "very disastrous affair" before she married him. But then their first meeting happened in such a careless manner that perhaps it was David's business to have done some of this research work before instead of after marriage. His affidavit continues:

"I met my wife about six weeks before our marriage, she having come into my car on the northeast corner of Fifth avenue and Twenty-second street. I was waiting for the traffic lights to change when she engaged me in conversation, and as I was going north and she was going in the same direction, she asked if I would take her uptown."

"I find that my wife's past for records that were prehistoric as far as he was concerned, revealed another living 'fossil' of whose existence he claims not to have previously known. The affidavit relates:

"I find that my wife whom I married as Jessie A. Soule was previously married to one John Paul Walsh, in the year of 1918 to one John Paul Walsh, whose father of the same name was a famous actor. At the time she married Walsh she gave her name as Vera Law. I have even located John Paul Walsh. This marriage ended by divorce proceedings in Des Moines, Iowa, in March, 1923. She used for the divorce papers the name of the inventor who had destroyed some property in their home at Baldwin, Long Island, built with his royalties.

Mr. Trompeter and One of His Paintings Which Is Still Intact.

is compressed into the following few legal words:

"I had fifteen oil paintings which I had worked on for many years and which I was desirous of displaying at the Art Student's League in New York City, in the hope of winning one of the cash prizes offered. All of these paintings were destroyed by my wife and mother-in-law with a sharp knife. They were mostly landscapes and marines."

Mr. Trompeter's rather mild complaint asserts that the inventor also destroyed some property in their home at Baldwin, Long Island, built with his royalties.

"Since March, 1930," she charges, "defendant has treated me in a cruel and inhuman manner. On March 15, 1930, defendant, without any provocation and because of his violent temper, damaged property in our home at Baldwin, L. I."

In July, 1933, he forcibly threw me around the room. At the time of our marriage my husband was a partner in the stock brokerage firm of Henry Zuckerman & Co. He is the inventor of numerous well-known and valuable machines."

Here are some of the inventions which have sprung from Mr. Trompeter's fertile and active brain:

Mrs. Trompeter, Whose Inventor-Artist Husband Says She Slashed Fifteen of His Paintings.

spectacles, tick-pin, or some such place, which converts shadow and highlight effects into vibrations, which can be felt. The blind person learns to interpret these vibrations as he would the Braille system of raised letters.

A new super-sensitive sound recorder for the deaf. It has a flesh colored button which the wearer places in one ear. Trompeter collaborated on this device with the chief surgeon of a large New York hospital.

A sanitary apparatus for dispensing loose milk.

A tinsplate process which produces tinsplate on wire, etc., eliminating all operations of the present process. Also gives the plate greater adhesive power than it can be given now.

An automatic gas station located in the Middle West designed for a big oil company. The nozzle is fireproof, drip proof and vapor proof. Put a coin in the slot, press a lever and out comes the gas, like coffee in an automatic and there is also an arrangement whereby the driver can have himself and car photographed automatically.

A carburetor functioning with the mixture of air and gasoline vapors directly proportionate to the temperature of the cylinders, thereby reducing carbonization and increasing mileage 20 to 40 per cent. This is still pending.

Halitosis indicator and correcting mouthwash. The patient then selects the bottle of mouthwash whose color corresponds with the color of the indicator. The four sources of distress are, according to Trompeter, teeth, stomach, tonsils, and acid condition. He expects to make a fortune out of this invention alone.

A new kind of skid chain for automobiles.

Automatic cotton picking machine. Automatic cotton-gin attachment for this machine.

Automatic doughnut-making machine. Drying machine, for drying eggs (moodles), milk (powdered milk), and for vegetables, roots, and fish.

Electric light bulb, 20 watt will give light effect of 100 watt.

Big gun better than big Bertha—turned over to the government free. And a machine for the landing gear of planes.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Trompeter and her lawyer think they have perfected a counter attack which will knock out her husband's matrimonial victory. As soon as they have investigated the conditions of her divorce, they are going to ask a reargument in front of the judge to show that Mr. Trompeter and her mother did not do any of the wrong things Mr. Trompeter charges.

Riots and Murder in the Holy Land

The Streets of Damascus and Jerusalem, Ancient Hebron and the Shores of the Sea of Galilee, Where the Saviour Trod, Echo With Rifle and Pistol Shots, and an American Girl Assassinated at the Edge of the Garden of Gethsemane



A Monk in the Peaceful Quiet of the Garden of Gethsemane. At the Edge of the Garden the Monks Found the Body of an American Girl Who Had Been Assassinated.



Holy Land Mounted Police Patrolling the Streets of Jerusalem to Break Up Crowds of Arabs Gathered to Attack the Jewish Residents.

FOR many years before the great war Palestine was a quiet, sleepy, out-of-the-way land, visited by tourists and governed by the Turks. But now the scene has changed. The spots made holy by Bible history and the streets and the countryside where the Saviour trod have become ablaze with massacre, murder, mutilation, riots and pillage. Jerusalem, Nazareth, Damascus and Jaffa have run with blood. The body of a murdered American tourist was recently found by the monks of the Garden of Gethsemane at the foot of the Mount of Olives.

It is difficult to see how this situation of unrest can be permanently quieted. The outbreaks come from the Arabs who resent the determination of the British to make Palestine a national home for patriotic Jews. It was hoped that here the Jews would at last find a real Promised Land.

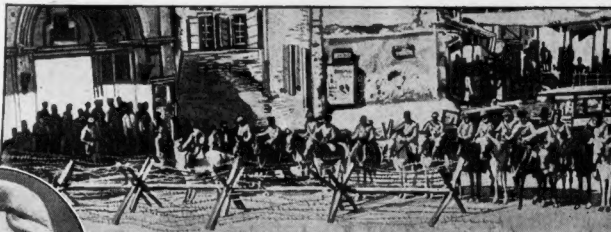
Industries have sprung up, many remarkable improvements have been made, and prosperity had begun to be established by the returning Jews. But in the face of the fanatical hostility of the Mohammedan Arabs, it is a question whether progress can be maintained. The Arabs outnumber the Jews four to one, and the Holy Land police have been reinforced by British soldiers to maintain order. In spite of these armed patrols in city and country, dozens of Jews have been killed and hundreds wounded.

The strange tragedy of the death at the foot of the Mount of Olives of the attractive twenty-five-year-old American girl dancer, known on the stage as Joan Winters, is shrouded in considerable mystery. Her real name was Joan Godfrey, and she was the daughter of a well-to-do citizen of Brooklyn, New York.

She was making a tour of the world, and with an Oriental named Mohammed Karaman, had wandered out of Jerusalem the other evening for a moonlight walk in the Garden of Gethsemane, the scene of the Saviour's agony in the Garden, when He determined to make the supreme sacrifice for the salvation of mankind. On the outskirts of this Garden also He was betrayed to the officers of the High Priest by Judas Iscariot. Hereabouts occurred many of the episodes in the last stages of Christ's mission on earth, and the Garden has always been next to the Holy Sepulchre the principal point of interest for pilgrims to Jerusalem.

As the two young people were lingering among these sacred surroundings death came to them in some mysterious manner. The dead bodies were found two days later at the foot of the Mount of Olives by a Franciscan monk from the monastery within the Garden of Gethsemane. Joan Winters had been shot in the back of the head and her companion had been shot in the back. His body was lying about thirty feet from hers.

At first a theory of a suicide pact was advanced, but this was abandoned as neither of them was known to have any serious troubles. Robbery was not the motive, as money and valuables



Wire Barricade Erected in the City of Jaffa After Twenty-two Had Been Killed in a Riot Before the Arabs Were Dispersed for the Day.

were found on both of them. Their murder was suspected from a jealousy of the Jews, possibly from Arab hostility to the Christians, or from the fact that the girl was a Christian.

At the time of the tragedy the Arabs were making a demonstration outside the walls of Jerusalem against the action of the government in admitting an increased number of Jews to Palestine. Within three days of the event thirty persons were killed and 200 wounded in riots outside Jerusalem and in various other places in the Holy Land.

The outbreaks of the Arabs against the Jews reached their highest pitch in 1929 when a large army was needed to deal with them and many hundreds were killed. But although the wild Arab raiders and rioters were nominally suppressed at that time, the disturbances continued and are very bad at the present moment.

At Jaffa, the port of Jerusalem, called Joppa in the Bible, some of the worst of the recent disturbances occurred. On a field outside the city where Richard the Lion Heart at the head of his Crusaders fought to clear the road to Jerusalem, the Arabs opposed the forces of modern civilization. These modern infidels first assembled in their mosques for prayer and then pouring out formed a force to rush the city.

They swept through a cordon of armed police holding the square in the heart of the city and were for a time in control of the place. At this stage ten Arabs and a native policeman were killed, and fourteen policemen and forty Arabs seriously injured.

In the evening hundreds of mounted men of the Trans-Jordan Frontier Force were brought to the city. Wearing their steel helmets they patrolled the streets all night, while during Arab fired shots, bottles and stones at them from the windows and shrieked curses at them in Arabic. The Royal Ulster Rifles were also called in to maintain peace and a squadron of military airplanes flew over the city.

Barbed wire entanglements were stretched across strategic points in the city.

Barbed city and some approach to order was established. Jaffa and the vicinity are favorite places of settlement with recent Jewish immigrants and hence Arab hostility is concentrated against it. There are 60,000 Jewish settlers in one suburb of Jaffa, or more than half the population of the city.

Joppa was the city where St. Peter lived for "many days" at the beginning of his ministry, as told in the Acts of the Apostles. Here the leading apostle raised from the dead a good Christian woman named Tabitha, or Dorcas, noted for her almsgiving. Certain charitable church organizations have been called after her ever since. The site of the house of gentle Dorcas witnessed a sanguinary riot in which Christian policemen shot down rioting Moslems. Joppa was also visited by St. Paul and is mentioned over and over again in the Old and New Testaments.

Damascus, which lies in Syria and is under a French mandate, is another famous Biblical city that has been the scene of serious troubles. The Bible tells us that St. Paul was at Joppa persecuting the Christians and that he started north for Damascus in pursuit of the same errand. As he neared Damascus he saw a brilliant light which caused him to fall from his horse and heard a voice from Heaven saying "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" In obedience to the divine voice Saul renounced persecution, changed his name to Paul and became a Christian.

Paul was carried to a house in Damascus, in the street which is called "Straight," a famous thoroughfare that is still an important part of the old city. Damascus, by the way, is considered by scholars the oldest living city in the world. Here St. Paul planned to begin his ministry to the Gentiles, and this was the turning point which made Christianity a world religion instead of a local reform movement.

The fierce Jebel Druzes seized the city and when the French turned their artillery on it many old houses in that famous "Street called Straight" were destroyed.



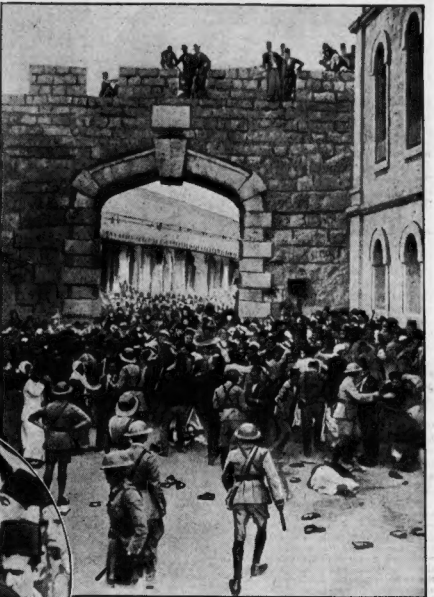
A Close-Up of Part of the Mob of Rioting Arabs in the City of Damascus.

various Mohammedan tribes regard this locality as sacred as the Jews do. Abutting on the Temple site is the Walling Wall, where the most faithful Jews go to lament the destruction of their great building and pray for its restoration.

The Jews claim that they have built the pavement by the Walling Wall and have an exclusive right to occupy it, but the Arabs say it was built by themselves and that the Hebrew walling and monopolizing of the spot is offensive to them. The other day a crowd of Mohammedans coming away from prayer in the mosque charged into the walling worshippers, whereupon the police opened fire and killed several Arabs.

A similar encounter occurred at the Damascus Gate, one of the localities in Jerusalem clearly identified with Biblical times, and more Arabs were killed. A strange feature of the fighting was that many veiled Arab women took part in it, greatly adding to its savagery. Nablus, the ancient Shechem where Abraham first built an altar and therefore the oldest place in Palestine mentioned in the Bible, has witnessed grave disorders. The Arabs claimed that some of their co-religionists were locked up in an old building and demanded their release. Curious to say, it was in a tower in this city, perhaps on the same spot, that the wicked Shechemites took refuge and were all destroyed by Abimelech, as described in the Book of Judges. The Seaforth Highlanders drove through the street in an armored car and peppered the modern Shechemites with machine guns, killing many of them.

One of the most shocking occurrences was the pillaging and slaughter at Hebron, the ancient city where the patriarchs Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and Joseph are buried in the Cave of Machpelah, many times mentioned in the Bible. The Mohammedans venerate the patriarchs almost as much as the Jews and have always regarded the Cave of Machpelah as one of their most sacred sites, and their veneration does not mean toleration for the modern descendants of the old patriarchs.



British Soldiers Wearing Steel Helmets on Police Duty Driving Back Arab Rioters in a Street in Jerusalem. The Street is Littered With Shoes and Missiles That Have Been Thrown and the Prostrate Figure of a Woman is Shown.

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The Arabs destroyed and sacked a Jewish seminary and orphanage at sacred Hebron, killing fourteen students, several of whom were Americans. This incident led to a protest from the American Government. The orphanage was burnt down in the middle of the night and many of the little children were killed and mutilated, while others were driven out naked into the country. Three Arabs were sentenced to death by the British for the murder at Hebron. A distinguished rabbi named Yaabbi was burnt alive at this Biblical village.

The shores of the Sea of Galilee, where the Saviour conducted His ministry, preached the Sermon on the Mount, walked upon the water and performed the miracle of the loaves and fishes, witnessed the fiercest of all the fighting. Near Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee the British forces captured a raiding army of 1,000 wild Mohammedan Bedouins and killed 83 of them. It is interesting to recall that this was the very spot where the old Crusaders suffered their greatest disaster in the Holy Land, when the Saracen Sultan Saladin killed 100,000 of them. The Sermon on the Mount was delivered in the immediate vicinity.

The British soldiers drove out a party of Bedouins who were looting and destroying the houses in Nazareth, where the Saviour spent his boyhood. The Arabs have driven the Jews out of Bethlehem, the village where Christ was born.

Of the Arabs arrested for murders and other offences many have been released, to the great indignation of the Jews. On the other hand some Jews have been arrested and a Jewish condemned to death in Jaffa for killing an Arab family of five, which gave rise to indignation protests.

The Mohammedans have an Executive Committee to represent them with a head known as the Grand Mufti. He has been exceedingly intemperate and fanatical in denouncing what he calls Jewish aggression in Palestine and the Jewish representative eloquently terms him "a coward, scoundrel and thorn in the flesh." In order to show that they are not animated by religious prejudice the Arabs mark the houses of Christians as places to be spared during their raids.

Although civil war on a large scale has been repressed the rioting and outrages continue and there is no prospect of peace for a long time in the unhappy Holy Land.

The Strange Death of Mrs. Williamson, the Victim

Found Fatally Drugged, the Police Try to Untangle the Mystery of an Agonizing Appeal She Wrote, Her Associations With an Ex-Convict, Mysterious Disappearance of a Close Friend and Other Puzzling Circumstances

PERSONAL
S.A.—Terribly important Alicia's financial interest get in touch with you.

The "Personal" Advertisement Inserted in the "Agony Column" of a London Newspaper Just Before Her Death.

THE recent strange death of Mrs. Alice M. Williamson, famous authoress, was just as she might have plotted it is a murder mystery story to baffle the reader until the last paragraph.

Just like the reader, the authorities followed one promising clue after another, only to be baffled and turn to the next. But Mrs. Williamson took that last paragraph, which should have explained everything, with her to the grave. Yet, like a person who has forgotten something, she came back from the gates of death a moment, opened her eyes and started to speak, perhaps to reveal the very thing those at her bedside were so anxious to know. Before she could make herself understood, death suddenly sealed her lips forever. It was dramatic and mysterious, but it left her tragedy one of those unfinished stories.

In some of the most skillfully constructed murder mystery fiction the body is found under such circumstances that everything seems to indicate suicide or accident. The scene in this case pointed to both.

The story begins with a hotel waitress, with a breakfast tray, knocking at the writer's door in a hotel in the old town of Bath. There she used to come every year to place a wreath on the grave of her husband and collaborator, the late C. N. Williamson. This time, for some reason, she had not visited the grave.

Receiving no answer to her knocking, the waitress sent for someone with a pass key, opened the door—and there lay the celebrated writer in bed, unconscious, but still alive. At the first glance everyone saw what appeared to be the cause. On a night stand beside the bed was a large open package of veronal sleeping tablets and, as if to make sure that these would be noticed, several were scattered about the top of the stand. On a dresser lay conspicuously a sealed envelope, addressed to the hotel manager, with instructions to be opened in case of her death.

"Attempted suicide," said the hotel employees, but the house doctor, removing a bandage which went under the woman's chin and was tied on the top of her head, disagreed.

"That bandage," he said, "is a regulation method for shooting and preventing double chin. Millions of women use it, but no woman would put it on when she was about to take her life. It would be senseless and it is unbecoming. Unless that letter says it is suicide I shall not believe it."

The manager waited because the doctor reported that the unconscious woman was steadily responding to treatment. It was just an overdose of that sleeping drug, he explained. A dose that might do more than give her a full night's sleep, taken after a full meal, could have fatal results after a fast. However, she seemed to be coming along all right and might open her eyes any moment.

Sure enough they did open and her lips began to move. The doctor bent down to catch her words, but the only message he got was the death rattle. It was now time to open that letter. It read:

"I have been feeling very ill for the last few days, and have been told I have not much longer to live. Should anything happen to me will you write Mr. Harry Robinson, and I can be quickly spirited away without anyone knowing anything of the death? I shall write this letter wherever I go because I am feeling over-tired and down and out."

This clearly meant to infer that she expected death from natural causes and the veronal overdose was a mere accident. But, if so, why the desire to be spirited out of the hotel? That looked like the wish of someone who intended to commit suicide and hoped to cover it up.

Another note was addressed to Mr. Robinson, who was Mrs. Williamson's executor.

When asked if he had a reason to think that Mrs. Williamson died by an act of her own, he strongly denied such a suggestion.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Robinson. "She was the last person in the world to do such a thing. She was very strong-minded, and hated the thought of self-destruction. She had to take tablets at night because her heart was not right. Probably she was sitting up in bed to take one when she collapsed. It wasn't the veronal at all."

"In her letter to me," Mr. Robinson went on, "she remarks that her heart is very bad and seems to be going 'puff-puff,' and that she must get rid of her letters in case anything happened to her."

But an autopsy revealed that she had taken a fatal dose of veronal, therefore it was not from Mr. Robinson's theory of natural causes. Also Mrs. Williamson had not fasted, and was an intelligent and cautious woman who would not have taken such a huge overdose without knowing what would probably happen. The weight of evidence strongly favored suicide except for that bandage which, as far as anyone has been able to find out, she never wore before.

At this point a good murder mystery it would be about time for other clues to turn up. Could there be a sinister figure in the background with a motive—gold or romance? Mrs. Williamson had been an unusually beautiful woman and, at the age of fifty-seven, considerable of that beauty still remained. Also she was vain, as proved by the fact that on her recent visit to Hollywood, she had employed a make-up expert to give long, false lashes on her eyelids. Passion and money are the favorite motives used by fiction writers, because they require so little explanation. Both of these possibilities loomed prominently for a while.

Her friend, Mrs. Cory, better known as Winifred Graham, who is a novelist herself, came forward to lift the interest with a few more disclosures. She said that a few days ago, before leaving London, Mrs. Williamson had tele-



The Late Alice M. Williamson, Well-Known Authoress, Whose Recent Death Is Surrounded by as Much Mystery as She Would Have Woven Into One of Her Novels.



Mrs. Williamson Believed She Received Messages and Visits From Her Dead Husband and Other Friends Who Had Passed Into the Next World. In One of Her Articles Mrs. Williamson Declared That the Famous French Airman, Guynemer, Visited Her the Night He Was Killed in Belgium and Before Anyone Knew He Was Dead. He Lifted the Heavy Table on Which They Were Playing Bridge in Answer to Mrs. Williamson's Request.

phoned to her that she had just inserted an advertisement in the personal column of one of the newspapers, a sort of "S. O. S." she had described it. Search of that paper revealed it under the name of "Alicia," by which Mrs. Williamson was known to her friends. It read as follows:

"S. A. Terribly important ALICIA'S financial interest get in touch with you." There was no waiting for explanation of the identity behind those initials.

The appeal referred to a Mrs. Sydney Arundel, whom Mrs. Williamson had known and to whom it was alleged she had advanced money extensively. Sydney Arundel had

theatrical associations, and apparently had collaborated at Bath as a playwright with Mr. Horace Vachell, another famous novelist. They had met through the mutual friendship of Mrs. Williamson. Then, just when Mrs. Williamson was anxious to get in touch with Arundel again, he seemed to have vanished entirely. The last time he was seen was at Mr. Vachell's house in June. Since then Mr. Vachell has been approached by in-

numerable friends of the vanished playwright.

By his talk Sydney Arundel seemed to be a man with wide financial and film interests in America. He was reported to have made much money during the small boom on Wall Street last summer and, according to Mr. Vachell, to whom he spoke, Arundel intimated: "That means Alicia has made a lot, too."

Though Mr. Vachell must have been surprised to learn that Mrs. Williamson had been gambling on Wall Street, he was glad to hear of her supposed success. A few years ago Mrs. Williamson was understood to have had about \$125,000 invested in America, but more recently it was understood that she had lost all that.

Sydney Arundel's disappearance was very peculiar. He was supposed to have gone to America to finance plays, but Mr. Vachell has never heard from him since he visited his home last June. Indeed, only a few weeks ago a lady who was stated to be engaged to marry Sydney Arundel called upon Mr. Vachell. She was in great distress over his disappearance, and said she believed he had never left for America, but must have been taken ill somewhere in England or met with foul play.

Scotland Yard hunted diligently for Mr. Arundel, but could find no trace of what had become of him. All who should have known agreed that he did not answer that appeal. This seemed to make the suicide theory stronger than ever. She had lost much money in Wall Street, and the rest of her fortune was in the hands of a man who had vanished.

Just then it was discovered that one of the things which had so tired Mrs. Williamson out was buying a considerable wardrobe of winter clothes. A woman planning suicide might buy one nice outfit to be found in, but not the others, especially if she was at the end of her financial resources. It seems that she was not even then at the end of her money that she had a considerable balance, enough to have lived on comfortably for a year at least. Her executor found several nearly-finished manuscripts which from the pen of one so well known should have easily sold, and there were royalties still coming from her old books.

A mystery story should have a villain, and this seemed to have one. What could be a more plausible "heavy" than an ex-convict? The Williamson specialized in romances, therefore it was not surprising that this character was young, good looking and romantic. An ex-convict, yes, but one who had received the King's pardon because he had almost lost his life bravely fighting the other convicts in the great Dartmoor Prison mutiny. If ever a man deserved a pardon this one did, and it was waiting for when he came out of the hospital. So, also, it was learned, had been Mrs. Williamson in her car.

The young man was Norman Graham. That he had the same name as the novelist friend was a twist that might have been used in fiction, but not in this unfinished real life story. When Inspector Thomas, of Scotland Yard, learned that he had left the prison hospital in the car of the authoress and either dined or taken tea with her almost continuously ever since, except while she was on her visit to America, he questioned the youth carefully.

There was also the report that he had bought clothes for Graham, paid the rent of his apartment and helped him in so many other ways that a romance was strongly suggested. Those silly, artificial eyelashes indicated that an elderly woman did not consider her days for that sort of thing were over. When a woman of her age stoops to folly it is more often than not with a man young enough to be her son.

Young Graham, however, gave a straight-forward account of himself and denied any romance or that the dead novelist had paid his rent. She had given him only about \$157 including the price of a dress suit to make it possible for him to dine with her at the fashionable restaurants of London. When the inspector was through asking questions, Graham started Mr. Thomas by casually volunteering something that Scotland Yard had not been able to find out.

According to Graham, the mysterious Arundel had answered the "SOS" advertisement, had talked with Mrs. Williamson and let her know that the funds, amounting to less than \$14,000, intended to him, were long beyond hope. Furthermore Arundel was still alive. Graham had seen him only the other day in the West End of London walking with a lady. Also that lady was not the one who still thinks she is engaged to him. In Graham's opinion he was well and in his right mind.

The young man does not believe that Mrs. Williamson's death was suicide. Asked if he thought it accidental, natural cause or what, he declined to give an opinion. Scotland Yard was so satisfied with his account that they had no further queries, but have stopped looking for Arundel and, in that curious tangle, the story ends.

Perhaps more than that last explanatory paragraph is missing. Can there be still another character, the real villain who might, at least in fiction, have arranged the overdose by seeming mistake and perhaps have placed that bandage which impressed the doctor so much? If so, man and motive have eluded everybody and he has committed the "perfect crime."

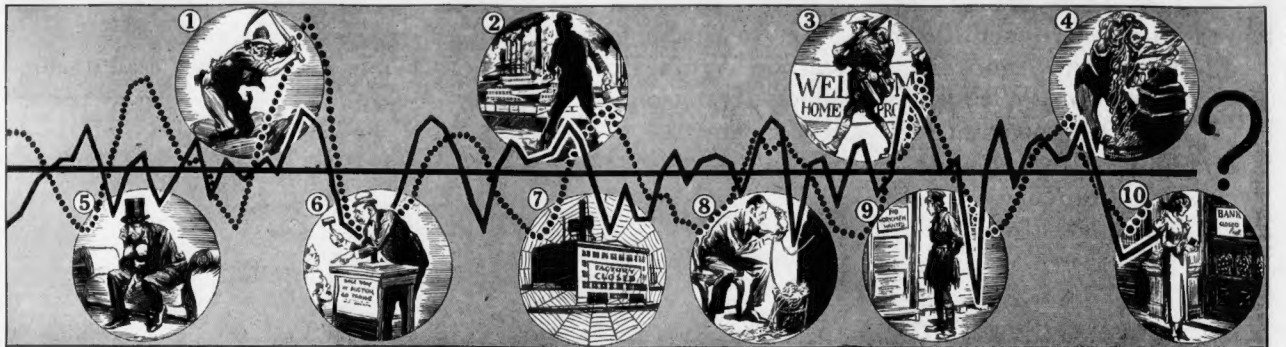
When Scotland Yard, which is an expert in writing last paragraphs to mysteries, can't solve this one, neither could a coroner's jury of ordinary men. Yet they had to say something, so, after considerable pondering, they called it "accident" and went home to their supper. It is probable they heard a lot of things about it from their wives which had not occurred to them.

There were many strange things in the mental make-up of Mrs. Williamson. She believed in spirit phenomena and said her dead husband was in touch with her and gave her advice. If he advised her on financial matters, it would seem to be rather poor advice, as she lost large sums of money recently.

In an article Mrs. Williamson wrote, she tells of her experiences with the spirits of the dead. On the evening the famous French airman, Guynemer, was shot down and killed, Mrs. Williamson happened to be in bed. The ghost of Guynemer appeared, brought with him a heavy table off its feet. Not until next day, the authoress said, did she learn of Guynemer's death.

Norman Graham, the Ex-Convict, Who Was Revealed as a Close Friend and Protege of Mrs. Williamson.

Science Puzzled About How Sunspots Affect Prosperity



Some Relation Between Business Depressions, Boom Times and the Eleven Year Cycle of Solar Cyclones --- and the Man Who Can Find Out What It Is Need Never Fear "Dying Poor"

WHETHER one can solve the riddle of the two curves at the top of this page will be in a fair way to make his fortune.

One curve represents the variations of average prosperity in the United States since the year 1850; including the panic of 1857, the still greater depression of the 'seventies, the third collapse in the 'nineties, and finally the present depression, which some economists consider the worst of any of them; also including the booms that filled in between these depressions and provided the surplus money for people to lose during the depressions.

The other curve represents the average number of spots on the sun each year, as these increase and decrease regularly in the well-known sunspot cycle of about eleven years.

No scientists and few economists doubt any longer that these two curves are somehow related to each other. The puzzle is to find precisely how. Anyone who can solve this could use the sunspot curve to predict hard times or good times, high prices or low prices, booms or panics. And since the astronomers can predict the sunspot curve with considerable accuracy at least three or four years in advance, this knowledge might make it possible for anyone who had it to keep two or three jumps ahead of his business competitors in guessing how high prices would rise or how low they would fall.

For the past five years the average number of sunspots has been decreasing, since the last maximum of the cycle, which occurred in 1908. During those same five years prosperity in the United States also has been decreasing. An exactly similar set of events happened during the great panic and depression of the 'seventies. Business fell to low levels while the number of sunspots also was decreasing from one of the highest maxima recorded to one of the lowest minima. If there were only two sunspots and business cycles known, everybody probably would conclude that a time of few sunspots always causes bad business.

Unfortunately, such a simple conclusion is impossible. The depression of 1857-1860, in many ways one of the worst depressions which the United States ever suffered, began while the sunspots were low but continued while they were increasing. The former great depression, that of the 'nineties, began just before the sunspot maximum of 1893 and grew deeper while the sunspot numbers still were high. It is evident that the secret of how the sunspots affect prosperity is not so simple as the two instances of the 'seventies and the present depression might lead an incautious observer to conclude.

A few days ago astronomers at the Mount Wilson Observatory, in California, announced that a cycle of sunspots had begun; a fact which can be detected by the magnetic character of the new spots. The secret of places where these new spots appear on the sun, without waiting for the increased number of spots to be certainly apparent. For the next five or six years the number of spots will be increasing to a new maximum. What will this mean for American prosperity? That is what the experts wish that they knew; and what they may know some day as a result of patient researches like those which Dr. Charles Elton, of England, has made on the "mouse years" and other animal cycles. In the early 'seventies great dis-



A Photograph of One of the Sunspots Which Seem to Have Such a Mysterious Influence Upon Human Affairs. This Particular Spot Is Big Enough to Swallow Up Six Earths, as Shown by the Diagram Beside It.



Another Old Drawing of the Excitement Attending the Historic "South Sea Bubble" Speculations, Two Hundred Years Ago in England, a Time of Frenzied Speculation Like That in the United States in 1929, Which in Some Way Seems Linked With Solar Cyclones.

was on, the streets of London's financial district were thronged with crowds, hungry to hear the latest news and quotations and to subscribe to the stock. Many "paper fortunes" were made, just as in the speculative age of 1929 and 1929. Sunspots again were high. So much for booms. Now for depressions.

Back in 1857 the United States, then becoming a manufacturing and industrial nation, suffered one of the most severe panics in its history. Innumerable fortunes were lost. Many former farmers and land owners had entered the industrial business were ruined. The sunspots had been few but were increasing.

Following the "Silver Boom" came the long and disastrous depression of the 'seventies, when farmers all over the country were ruined, when hundreds of thousands of mortgages were foreclosed, and when the demand for "greenback money," or currency inflation, became irresistible. One of the worst months in the financial history of the United States was September of 1873. Banks in New York failed, and so did innumerable others. There was a panic in the stock market. The Stock Exchange in Wall Street was closed to

Three Days' Catch of Furs in Canada During a Time of Maximum Sunspot Activity, During Which Animal Life Seems to Increase.

stem the tide of liquidation, and many of its members were ejected by force, while outside of it was a riot. It was not opened for two days. This was a time which many economists consider much like the present. The sunspot curve, as will be seen by the chart at the top of this page, also dipped sharply, as it has been doing recently.

After the "Expansion Boom" came the vast industrial collapse of 1893 to 1896, with almost all factories closed and the most widespread unemployment ever experienced up to that time. Older people will remember the "Full Dinner Pail" political campaign. Mysteriously, however, the sunspots were many.

Comparison of Sunspot Activity With Prosperity in the United States from 1850 Until 1933. Dotted Line Is Record of the Sunspots; Solid Line Is Record of Prosperity. Portions of Line Above Average Line in Middle Show Increase in Sunspots and Prosperity; Portions of Lines Below Show Decrease in Sunspots and Prosperity. (1)—The "Silver Boom" in Early 'Seventies. Many Spots on Sun. (2)—"Expansion Boom," 1887-1892; Sunspots Few. (3)—"War Prosperity" During and Shortly After the World War; Sunspots Increasing. (4)—Speculative Boom of 1928-1929; Sunspots Average High. (5)—Depression of 1857 When the U. S. Was Just Beginning Manufacturing and Industrial Nation; Sunspots Few but Increasing. (6)—Panic of the Late 'Seventies When Many Farmers Were Ruined; Sharp Dip in Sunspot of the Late 'Seventies When Many Farmers Were Ruined; Sunspots Record Mysteriously High. (7)—Industrial Collapse 1893-1896; Sunspots Record Mysteriously High. (8)—"Money Panic" of 1907; Sunspots Decreasing in Number. (9)—"Post-War Depression" of 1920; Sunspots in Midst of Sharp Decreasing. (10)—Depression of 1933; Sunspots Beginning to Increase. Will Prosperity Do the Same?

radio engineer and amateur astronomer, is authority for the statement that between 1850 and 1908 the annual profits of the Hudson's Bay Company from fur-bearing animals trapped in Canadian forests followed almost precisely the curve of sunspots.

One influence which the sunspots certainly have on prosperity is through the weather. Careful measurements made during the past twenty years by Dr. Charles G. Abbot, of the Smithsonian Institution, have proved that the amount of light and heat sent by the sun to the earth varies from year to year and even from day to day. Dr. H. H. Clayton and other weather experts have proved that weather cycles do exist, bearing more or less close relation to the sunspot cycle. Only a few days ago Dr. Abbot suggested that it is the double sunspot cycle of 23 years which chiefly affects weather. Undoubtedly these weather cycles affect crops and thus have influence on business and on prosperity.

Another student of the relations of sunspots and business suggested, recently, quite different possibility, not related to the sun or to weather. The student is Mr. T. O. McGrath, former manager of the Standard Oil Company in Arizona and now of Los Angeles, California. His suggestion is that the sunspot cycle directly influences human money psychology and therefore the development of public buying waves or selling.

Economist long have been aware that one important factor behind the so-called business cycle of booms and depressions is this public psychology. One possible solar effect on this is that of the ultraviolet rays from the sun, which rays are known to be highly stimulating.

Dr. Edison Pettit, of the Mount Wilson Observatory, has discovered that the amount of ultraviolet radiation sent out by the sun varies during the sunspot cycle, being greater when there are many spots than when there are only a few of them. It is not impossible, therefore, that the average annual "dose" of ultraviolet rays administered by the sun to mankind might affect the average optimism or pessimism of the public and thus alter the business cycle.

In France, Dr. Maurice Faure has assembled statistics to prove that sudden deaths, sudden attacks of madness and similar personal human misfortunes occur in great numbers when sunspots and of high intensities of ultraviolet rays. But of this the majority of the scientific experts are extremely skeptical and Dr. Faure's statistical proofs are unconvincing.

In any event, the sunspot maximum is now past and a new cycle is beginning. More ultraviolet rays usually are sent out by the sun during times of many sunspots, so that the quantity of these rays to which mankind now may be expected to increase. In an address this year to the New York Electrical Society, Dr. C. V. Lyon, New York City economist and editor, asserted that the world usually has good business when there are plenty of ultraviolet rays; and too good business when there are too many, when these rays are superabundant. Famine may be due, he added, to too little of the same rays.

If this is correct, pessimism now should decrease, business should revive and the country when the sun starts into another cycle of prosperity, parallel with the increasing cycle of sunspots.

Some of the most remarkable sunspot effects are those traced on the lives, deaths and numbers of animals. Mr. O. H. Caldwell, of New York City,

Their Fashionable But Peculiar Relatives

The Recent Wedding of Stuyvesant Le Roy French Recalls the Adventures of Other Members of the Family Which Startled New York Society

Mr. Stuyvesant Le Roy French, the Newly Wedded Member of a Family Noted for Strange Marriages.

IT WAS a quiet wedding of very fashionable young people in Philadelphia the other day when Mr. Stuyvesant Le Roy French, married Mrs. Harriet Holder Rittenhouse. The names of bride and groom suggest the most prominent families of the Social Register, and among the relatives of the pair are, indeed, such names as Vanderbilt, Rittenhouse, Stuyvesant, French, Beckman, Le Roy and even Lord Chesham, of England.

And yet among these relatives of the young couple some extraordinary things have happened. Several times members of the family or relatives have stepped down from the rich and fashionable world of New York, Newport and Paris to social levels which startled fashionable society. The first shock came several years ago when the sister of the bridegroom ran away with a chauffeur.

Miss Julia Steele French, who married the chauffeur, was the daughter of Mr. Amos Tuck French, one of the prominent multi-millionaires of America, a great figure in Newport society and a brother of Miss Elsie French, who married Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt. Julia was the oldest sister of the recently wedded Stuyvesant Le Roy French.

John E. Geraghty, popularly known as "Handsome Jack," worked in Newport sometimes as a chauffeur and sometimes as an automobile demonstrator, and his father, James Geraghty, was a taxi driver in Newport. The impulsive Miss French had many opportunities to admire young Jack's figure and manly beauty as he drove her or her friends along Bellevue Avenue.

"The instant I saw Jack I was attracted to him," confessed Miss French. "He had been sent to our house to demonstrate a new car that my father said I might buy if I liked it. He was entirely different from the men I had been accustomed to—so honest, so straightforward, so strong, so confident of himself, and yet so modest."

The result was an elopement that astonished the fashionable world more than any event of many years.

One evening the young couple ran away in a taxi to Central Village, Conn., and were married. French family learnt the news in a telegram from their daughter. Mr. French, the millionaire, was outraged at the marriage and cut his daughter off without a penny. However, he occasionally communicated with her surreptitiously, sending her nicely prepared food and other welcome help.

The once rich, delicately nurtured bride found her husband had little money and was forced to live in a family cottage with her two sisters-in-law and half a dozen youngsters of both sexes. Father Geraghty continued to drive his cab and Mother Geraghty slaved all day to make both ends meet, and neither of them was much pleased with the fashionable daughter-in-law who had no money.

"Dear Mamma, I am very sorry that I have caused all this worry, but I will never regret marrying Jack to the last day of my life. I love him better than anything in the world and I would rather live in a dog kennel with him than in a palace with some society fool."

"I don't care as I have done anything at all for goodness. I have just married the man I love, and I hope you will look at it in the same light as I do. Your devoted daughter."

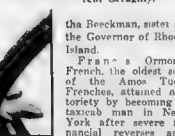
"JULIA GERAGHTY." But she no longer had a suite of rooms at those charming doors well-trained servants tapped for entrance. Instead of having her breakfast served in the sunlit breakfast room on the best china, with splendid family silver, a butler gown gray in her family service, she had to get up at six o'clock even in the winter and breakfast for herself and her husband. She had to sweep, dust and keep the home tidy. She had to wash and dress her friends pass in their old party dresses while she wore her new clothes which were growing shabby.

Feeling that her environment was making a wreck of her life she persuaded Jack to take a farm somewhere

The Former Mrs. Julia French Geraghty, With Her Baby, Daughter of the Fashionable Amos Tuck French, Who Shocked Society by Running Away With a Chauffeur and Started the Chain of Marrying French Marriages.



Mr. Amos Tuck French, Multi-millionaire and Father of Some of the Remarkable Frenches, Who Was Divorced Because It Was Said He Thought His Wife Ought Not to Have Let Their Daughter Elope With Chauffeur Geraghty.



the Beckman, sister of the Governor of Rhode Island.

Francis Ormond French, the oldest son of the Amos Tuck French, by stunted society by becoming a taxicab man in New York after some financial reverses and quarrels with his family. He drove up and down Park Avenue before his fashionable friends and former neighbors. His wife, Miss Eleanor Livingston Barwell, who was known in New York society, divorced him when she found he could not support her and was otherwise difficult to live with.

His misfortune was mainly due to rash speculations in Wall Street, where other members of his family had been remarkably successful, one of his uncles having been a partner of J. P. Morgan the elder. Mr. French, who is a Harvard graduate, became licensed taxi driver No. 224087 and on his first day carried four fares and made \$2.25 in tips. Most of the money seems to have come from reporters who wanted to learn how the member of the millionaire family was getting on and found he would not talk unless they took a ride.

During a strike of taxicab drivers, French sided heartily with the men and made a speech, in which he said: "Thank God I have a hackman's license. I have always been interested in taxicabs. I believe I will make good. The cops may get me every day, but I will come back as soon as I get out of their hands."

"Frankie" French did not find taxi driving easy work and gave it up for a time to sell overcoats on commission, but he also found this hard work and returned to driving for a brief spell. However, the manager of the taxi company let him go because he did not do enough work and kept the place filled up with reporters and photographers. Then he went out West and married his second wife, Mrs. Mary Cleary Galvin, a divorcee.

Edward Tuck French, another son of the Amos Tuck French family, shocked his aristocratic relatives a few years after sister Julia's elopement by running away with Lillian May Harrington, known to her friends as "Bobbie," a twenty-year-old telephone operator of Manchester, New Hampshire. He was only twenty-one years old.



William Barton French, Who Was Married Three Times, Narrowly Escaped a Paris Prison for Passing Bad Checks, Was Adjudged a Drunkard and committed Suicide in New Mexico.

French was training for the arm when he met "Tottie" Harrington and fell in love with her with the impulsiveness that characterized so many of his family. He related how he sat in the apartment of liquor and the charming "Tottie" Harrington on the other side. He confessed that he proposed to her "when the wine was in my head."

On the fourth day the bride disappeared from their suite in an obscure hotel, and young Mr. French took the first train to Boston and announced in a very excited manner that if he did not return to him by 10 p. m. he would bring suit for divorce. "At 9 p. m. back came Mrs. 'Tottie' French, and the pair were reconciled before the photographers. But within two weeks she had forsaken him again. Her statement that their quarrel had arisen because he had refused to take her to a fashionable hotel and fed her on "dog biscuit" was denounced by him as "absurd."

He explained that he brought her some graham crackers and that she asked for them, and that he was not responsible for treating her "like a dog."

During their short honeymoon he and his "hello girl" bride would carry him one moment and tell him of the "hello girl" difficult. He spent a time in a sanitarium and then was reconciled a second time to his bride. Death came suddenly to this scion of the French family, but not mysteriously, for he died in Chicago of alcoholic poisoning.

William Barton French, a cousin of the foregoing Frenches, had the most tragic experiences of any of the family. He was the son of the late Seth Barton French, of the T. P. Morgan firm, and was brought up in Paris.

As a young man William Barton French married Miss Jeanne Emmet, a noted New York society beauty. A society reporter described him as the most beautiful man in the city.

The Beautiful Miss Jeanne Emmet, First Wife of the Scoundrel William Barton French.



married Lionel Barrymore after he had been divorced by Doris Rankin.

Young French's second wife, Peggy Allen, was an attractive showgirl, known to her friends as "Pinky." It was during his marriage to her that his peculiarities became excessive and she left him. His own mother advertised that she would not be responsible for his debts.

He passed a worthless check for \$3,500 on a well-known tourist firm in Paris by the pretense of the French name and committed many other equally criminal or fraudulent acts. Then he hastily took a steamship for New York. The French citizens who had been defrauded demanded young French's extradition. There seemed no doubt that he would have to go back and there seemed to be equally little doubt that he would be sent to prison in France.

Able lawyers were called in by the French family to find some way of preventing this disgrace and they decided that the only way was to prove young French was an habitual drunkard and who was not responsible for his acts even when they included passing bad checks. It was certainly an unusual thing to be labeled an habitual drunkard, but it was better than being sent to a French prison. The lawyers secured an abundance of expert testimony concerning French's addiction to drink. A young taxi driver who was accused to drive him around said: "He got intoxicated in the morning, in the afternoon and in the evening. I have seen him at one time with a quart of Scotch and two pints of Scotch in his clothes. I tried to pre-

vail upon him not to drink so much liquor, but it was absolutely no use. He wouldn't listen to me. He said that he would do as he pleased. I have stayed with him until two or three o'clock in the morning and he would fall asleep absolutely helpless."

The New York court declared him an habitual drunkard and handed him over to a guardian who had him committed to the State Hospital for the Insane on Ward's Island, so that there could be no ground to send him to prison on a criminal charge.

Young French committed suicide two years later in a tumble-down shack on Agua Fria Street, Santa Fe, New Mexico. He had been living in the State as a "rude rancher." There was a bullet hole in his head and nearby were many bottles of whiskey and other kinds of liquor. There was no further explanation of his death.

A few weeks before, he had been brought into Santa Fe on a stretcher and explained that he had been kicked by a bronco. Even in these last days he was said to have given a bad check for \$100 to the man in whose house he died. At the time the proceedings were taken to declare him incompetent, his income was given as \$115,000 a year.

The day after his death, a young woman from Albuquerque, New Mexico, arrived in Santa Fe, and claimed the body, asserting that she was his widow, and that he had married her the year before. She wished to take the body away so that she could bury it on the ranch where they had lived. If her statement was correct she was his third wife.

There have also been many other divorces in the French family as in most fashionable American families, but none so dramatic as those mentioned. Miss Pauline Le Roy French, of the Amos Tuck French branch, married Samuel Wagstaff, a prominent lawyer, and was referred to as "the one French who married her own set," but she found her lawyer too uninteresting, divorced him and married Donald O. MacFarlane.

Elsie French, the distinguished aunt of the new bridegroom, soon after divorcing Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, married Lieut. Paul FitzSimons, a naval officer, many years younger than herself and a friend of her son.

These facts have led to a social ostracism of the French family. Stuyvesant Le Roy French the distinction of being "the one conservative member of a remarkable family."



The Former Mrs. Harriet Rittenhouse, of Philadelphia, Who Recently Became the Bride of Stuyvesant Le Roy French, "The One Conventional Member" of His Remarkably Unconventional Family.

French was training for the arm when he met "Tottie" Harrington and fell in love with her with the impulsiveness that characterized so many of his family. He related how he sat in the apartment of liquor and the charming "Tottie" Harrington on the other side. He confessed that he proposed to her "when the wine was in my head."

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Searching the Ruins of Villa of Tiberius

**Remarkable New Discoveries in the Vast Palace on the
the Cruel Caesar Approved the Report of Pontius Pilate
Saviour, an Incident That Marked the Beginning**



Partially Reconstructed Tower From Which Tiberius, Who Was Much Interested in Astronomy, Used to Watch the Stars and Meditate on New Creations.



The "Rest Rooms" of the Emperor Tiberius, in One of Which, According to Tradition, the Tyrant Set His Approval on the Report From Pontius Pilate Informing Him of the Crucifixion of the Saviour.



Some of the Prisons of the Villa, Where Condemned Persons Were Locked in the Cells Until Tiberius Had Them Tortured to Death or Otherwise Disposed Of.



View Showing the New Port of Capri, Constructed Under Premier Mussolini, and in the Distance the Remains of Tiberius's Villa on Top of the Famous Rock.

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PROFESSOR MAJURI, the head of all archeological undertakings in Italy under Premier Mussolini, has begun to explore the ruins of the great villa of Emperor Tiberius, on the island of Capri. In scarcely any other ancient ruin could more interesting results be hoped for.

Tiberius was the Roman Caesar who affixed his imperial seal and approval to the report from Pontius Pilate, his procurator of Judea, announcing that:

"Jesus Christ, a Jewish prophet from Nazareth, has been duly tried, scourged and crucified."

And the spades of the excavators have already laid bare the room in which, according to tradition, the wicked Emperor received the report and stamped his approval of the execution of the Saviour.

Of the higher structure of the palace itself little has survived throughout the centuries, but it is clear from the immense extent of its sub-structures, from the lofty vaults, from the thick walls, from the heavily set staircase, from the huge cisterns and from other details that the "Villa of Jupiter" must have been not merely

a palace of extraordinary size but also of remarkable height, a real "skyscraper" of its time, whose size and height must have looked even more impressive by its position at the very top of the highest peak of the island. It is from the dumb stones and the empty rooms that Professor Majuri and his men are working to get the secrets of one of the greatest and still darkest romances of Roman history.

It has always been a mystery why Tiberius, after a long life in which he showed himself a just and upright man, should have become in his later years, and especially after his retirement to the island of Capri, a monster of cruelty and sensual self-indulgence.

Some students of history are inclined to see a connection between the approval of the acts of Pontius Pilate and the Emperor's determination to brazen it out with the other mad cruelties of his later years. But other explanations are suggested, chief among them being the untimely loss of his son, Drusus, and his stepson, Germanicus.

It has been argued recently that the stories of his abominable conduct are inventions, but they rest on the authority of two very important historians of ancient Roman times, Tacitus and Suetonius. At present the mystery is complete of why this man of worthy impulses changed into a monster, but it is hoped that new light may be thrown on it by the work undertaken by Professor Majuri.

The excavators have only just begun their work, but they have partly cleared one portion of the villa, exposing what they declare to be the private rest rooms of the Emperor. It is one of these which has been marked as the room in which Tiberius received and approved the report from Pontius Pilate. Many colored pictures have been found on the walls, and hope is expressed that documents may be found giving new information on the events of Tiberius's time and casting light upon the mystery of his extraordinary change in character.

These rest rooms faced the sea, and were the most secluded in the great villa, impossible of approach from the outside, for Tiberius was in constant dread of assassination. It

was here that he plotted and executed many of his worst atrocities.

The rooms formed part of a secluded wing of the villa, which included the Emperor's baths and a great hall or theatre in which private entertainments of a lascivious kind were given for him. Here the excavators may find the ivory filters of Parthenon, the nine books of Sappho and endless works of an amatory character.

Corridors and chambers have been cleared out that still show mosaics in good condition, and the walls still retain vestiges of the paintings which adorned them. If these paintings are found to have the licentious character described by Suetonius, they will confirm the worst view of the Emperor's life.

It is here that the excavators have found the "Triclinium," the extra large dining room where certain orgies of the Emperor are believed to have taken place. This great room was so near the cliffs that it is easy to visualize how men and women could be sent to their doom, hopelessly and mercilessly, from the very tables of their last orgy at the whim and sudden caprice of their imperial host.

This villa of many stories is erected in a magnificent position on the cliff, which falls precipitously to the sea. The walls of the foundations are four feet thick, indicating the great size of the original building.

From the great hall on the ground floor, which everybody was compelled to enter after passing the guard, only a single flight of steps led up to the apartments of Tiberius, situated on the second floor. For many of those who were permitted to go up that private stairway it was a farewell to life.

The other stairways were locked from the inside, so that only the Emperor could use them. On the second floor was the great hall, strongly protected from the inside, which afforded a wide view of the sea. Here the Emperor generally sat alone, a prey to his morbid thoughts. He could watch the mainland for the signals he had given in case of trouble. Here he had his astrologer, Thrasyllus, read him the secrets of the stars at night.

Tiberius always had vessels in readiness for flight below, for he was constantly in fear that an attempt would be made to assassinate him by a desperate body of men. Lightning always terrified him, for he feared that Jupiter might be angry with him, and he carried a charm to protect himself against it.

Tiberius's strange and monstrous life has given a deadly reputation to the beautiful island of Capri, in the Bay of Naples, a reputation which it has never lost. It was Tiberius's predecessor, the great and wise Augustus, who first "discovered" Capri, then a Greek possession. He traded for it the larger and more fertile island of Ischia. Augustus built a villa there because of the beautiful view, but when Tiberius ascended later as the site for his palace, he built a magnificent edifice on the top of a 1,500-foot mountain, of which historians say that "not even the temples of the gods had ever seen greater splendor and wealth."

Tiberius wanted it not merely as a pleasant seacoast home, but as an impregnable stronghold where he would be safe from his enemies. He retired there after he had ruled very wisely and sanely for thirteen years, and then his character was strangely transformed from that of a just and simple man to that of a demon. At Capri he indulged in lusts and cruelties that no one had ever dreamed he could be guilty of, torturing women and children out of sheer love of inflicting pain.

A stern soldier of Spartan tastes, when Tiberius came to the throne at 55 he amazed Roman citizens by refusing all the flattering honors and dignities to which as Emperor he was entitled. He refused to permit statues and memorials to be erected in his honor, or temples to be dedicated to him, declining to have the name of the month of September changed to Tiberius, and would not use the extra title of "Augustus" in his official signature. He detested flattery, and said so bluntly if anybody tried to use it on him. He was the only Roman Emperor who ever came out in favor of free speech and a free press, declaring good-naturedly that he did not care what people



An Artist's Reconstruction of Tiberius's Villa as It Must Have Looked in the Years Ago. On the Left Can Be Seen the Great Gold Statue of Tiberius. (All Photographs Copyright by International)

said or wrote about him, and he would likely in the Senate any charges that were

He cut down the expenses of government taxes, improved the laws and they were administered, and helped business Empire by demanding better means of action. He restored to the Senate all of its and insisted that the Senators do their earning the Empire, and he put down the rule in the provinces by threatening with death if they were not able and permitted no public games or gladiators to be held in his honor, and cut down the actors, so the public could see show prices. In fact, he started an excellent price control and wage control, and set an example of frugal living by ordering over meals and other foods should be as imperial table to reduce expenses.

He visited the Senate alone, without ceremony, and often sat on the benches to hear simple trials. He was stern in the punishment of "unchaste" in fact, was a moral crusader. For years set foot out of Rome, staying there as strictly to business, a stern but capable man.

But after the death of his son, Drusus adopted son, Germanicus, he became a cold. Some people are inclined to sympathize, the loss of his promising adopted son, supposed to have poisoned Germanicus, seems misplaced. Tiberius denied this, but his astonishing change in character the rest of his life seemed to show that he had been capable of it. He left Rome and turned to it. He retired first to a place and it was rumored that he was a sick man never recover, but he did get well in the mind.

At the age of 68 he decided to retire and built his towering palace on the cliff there. It was then that, as Suetonius now gotten the liberty of this secret place removed from the eyes of people, he poured forth and showed at once all that with much ado for a long time he had dissembled.

The modern psycho-analysts would, Tiberius suffered from too much repression during the first 35 years of his life in his old age he simply decided to let it up for it. He did more than that, for his last years are true, and was guilty of excesses. On holidays he held executions, a favorite method being to torture and break their bones and then to throw them into the sea from the top of "Wild" on which his palace was situated. He waited below, and if the victim came to again after this terrific fall, the rest of beaten out of him with oars.

Once a fisherman chanced to come to Capri, and, meeting the Emperor on a

Nero, The Tyrant Roman Emperor

Island of Capri, Including the Room Where
He Informing Him of the Crucifixion of the
of the Ruler's Inhuman Debaucheries



Life of the Wicked Emperor Two Thousand
Which Is Said to Lie Buried Under the Ground.
(Press Service.)

answered Tiberius with a big
fish he had caught. Tiberius
was so angry that anyone
had been able to get ashore
on Capri without his permission
that he ordered the fisherman's
face to be scrubbed with the
scallop shell. The fisherman
said he was glad it had not
been a lobster that he had
presented, whereupon the
Emperor, in a rage, ordered
that a lobster be brought and
the fisherman's face torn with
its claws.

Tiberius was so drunken
now that he was publicly
nicknamed "Biberius." At all
his dinners the servants
were unclad girls. Obscene
pictures and statues were
created especially for
Tiberius's palace. Boys of
tender age were brought
there to be tortured, and
sometimes Tiberius tortured
the guests he had invited
to be entertained. Once an
old friend from a distant
province came to see Tiberius,
and the Emperor, worried
about something at the time,
ordered him to be broken on
the rack. Then he had him
murdered, for fear the news
would get out.

He starved to death two
of his grandsons, but
unfortunately missed one of
them, who later became the
even more cruel Emperor
Caligula. The latter it was
who said "I wish the Roman
people had but one head,
so that I might cut it off." This
imperial madman caused
himself to be worshipped as
a divine, and promoted one
of his horses to be consul.

Tiberius lured beautiful
women to his palace at
Capri, where he mistreated
and tortured them. Those
who stayed there to minister
to his caprices lived in
terror of sudden death. He
is recorded to have said
once to one of his beauties:
"Sweetheart, I think I shall
have you tortured tonight
that you may tell me why
I love you so."
Mellonia, a woman of noble
birth whom he had enticed
there, ran herself through
with a sword when she
learned what was in store
for her. One of Tiberius's
pleasures was burning the
flesh of a woman with a
red-hot poker.

The artist, F. Matania, has
well caught the spirit of
such an episode in his picture
called "In the Grip of
Tiberius." A girl, imprisoned
in one of Tiberius's private
rooms, collapses to the floor
in terror as she sees the
shadow of the tyrant's wicked
face on the wall approaching
her just around the corner.



Statue of Tiberius in the Vatican
Museum, the Only One of His Day
Known to Exist. He Always Refused
to Have His Features Shown as an
Old Man, and This Statue
Represents Him as Young,
Although It Was Made Only a Few
Years Before His Death.

cious pictures, puppets and
statuettes. "He had several
chambers," says Suetonius, "set
round with pictures and statues
in the most suggestive attitudes,
and furnished with the books of
Elephantis, that none might
want a pattern for the execution
of any project that was
prescribed him. He likewise
contrived recesses in woods
and groves for the amusement
of young persons of both
sexes, in caves and hollow
rocks, so that he was publicly
and commonly called, from the
name of the island, Capriæus."

"His daughter-in-law, Agrippina,
after the death of her husband,
complaining upon some occasion
with more than ordinary freedom,
he took her by the hand, and
addressed her in a Greek verse to
this effect: 'My dear child, do
you think yourself injured, because
you are not Empress?' Nor did he
ever vouchsafe to speak to her
again. Upon her refusing once at
supper to taste some fruit which
he presented to her, he declined
inviting her to his table, pretending
that she in effect charged him with
a design to poison her; whereas
the whole was a contrivance of his
own. He was to offer the fruit,
and she to be privately cautioned
against eating what would
infallibly cause her death."

"At last, having accused her of
intending to flee for refuge to the
statue of Augustus, or to the army,
he banished her to the island of
Pandataria. Upon her reviling him
for it, he caused a centurion to
beat out one of her eyes; and when
she resolved to starve herself to
death, he ordered her mouth to be
forced open, and meat to be
crammed down her throat. But she
persisted in her resolution, and,
dying soon afterwards, he
persecuted her memory with the
basest aspersions and persuaded
the Senate to put her birthday
among the number of unlucky
days in the calendar."

"He had by Germanicus three
grandsons, Nero, Drusus and
Caius; and by his son Drusus one,
named Tiberius. Of these, after the
loss of his sons, he commended
Nero and Drusus, the two eldest
sons of Germanicus, to the Senate;
and at their being solemnly
introduced into the forum,
distributed money among the
people. But when he found that
on entering upon the New Year
they were included in the public
vows for his own welfare, he
told the Senate that such honors
ought not to be conferred but
upon those who had been proved
and were of more advanced
years."

"When he had caused them to be
declared enemies by the Senate,
he starved them to death; Nero on
the island of Ponza and Drusus in
the vaults of the Palatium." Some
of the inhuman cruelties narrated
by the historians seem incredible.
Not a day passed without the
punishment of some person or
other, not excepting holidays or
those appropriated to the worship
of the gods. Some were tried
even on New Year's Day. Of many
who were condemned their wives
and children shared the same
fate; and for those who were
sentenced to death, the relations
were forbidden to put on mourning.
Considerable rewards were
voted for the prosecutors, and
sometimes for the witnesses also.
The information of any person,
without exception, was taken;
and all offences were capital,
even speaking a few words,
though without ill intention.

Ingenious cruelties were worked
out by the Emperor. Especially
he delighted in torturing young
girls, and those who begged for
life were slain; but those who
begged for death were tortured to
the limit and then their lives
were spared.

The place of execution is still
shown at Capri, where he ordered
those who were condemned to die,
after long and exquisite
tortures, to be thrown, before his
eyes, from a precipice into the sea.
In many other parts of the island
are spots closely associated with
this strange monster, and now
we shall know more of them and
learn perhaps some of the truth
about his life.

There are ruins of not less than
twelve ancient palaces on Capri,
but the mountain-top villa of
Tiberius is, of course, the most
interesting and is being excavated
and restored first.

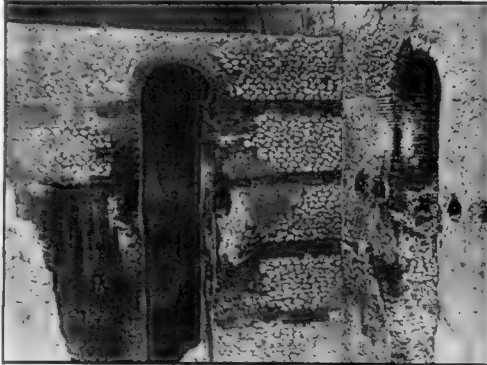
The lowest half of the villa was
found in a remarkably good
state of preservation. Below there
are still existing lead pipes which
fed three baths. A luxurious
quarter of several stories was
reserved for the Emperor's
courtiers. Its splendors can be
seen from the well-preserved
mosaic pavements and the
carefully treated walls that have
been found.

The central point of the palace
was the peristyle. Surrounded by
colonnades, it obtained its light
through a large opening in the
roof, and was treated as a garden,
ornamented by lovely fountains
and statues. In one of the
niches which enlarged the
peristyle was the Emperor's
throne, where he received
deputations on affairs of state.

Large parts of the villa have
been recovered, giving a better
idea than would be expected of
a building that went to ruin
nearly 2,000 years ago. The high
spot on the cliff, known as "the
Rock of Death," has been



A Portion of the Ruins of the Great Villa Along the Edge of the "Rock of Death," From
Which the Emperor Watched His Victims Hurled Into the Sea Below.



Great Cistern Holding 5,000 Gallons of Water, One of Three Which Were Used to Supply
the Baths and Swimming Pools of Tiberius's Villa. Some Skeletons
Were Found in This Cistern.



Recently Uncovered Arches in the Villa Beneath Which It Is Hoped to Find Tiberius's
Own Statue in Solid Gold, Which Is Said to Have Been Buried at His Death.



From the Promenade Connected with Tiberius's Villa Along Which the Aged Emperor Used to
Walk, Bathe in the Sunlight and Meditate Upon New Crimes.

The New "All Day" Velvets

Authoritative and Newest Fashions
From the Studios of the Famous
French Dress Creators, Drawn
by Soulie, Foremost Fashion
Artist of Paris

These Latest Paris Models Offer
Suggestions for American Dress-
makers and May Be Copied or
Adapted by Them in American
Materials.

Evening Gown Model
From De Marinis. Worn
to Anything but the
Most Formal Ball. The
Material Is Black Trans-
parent Velvet. Cut on
Long Clinging Lines.
With an Added Section,
Cut on a Diagonal
Line, Making the Lower
Part of the Skirt, Giving
Good Fullness Round
the Feet. The Princess
Line Is Obtained by
Draping the Material
Slightly at the Waist to
Make It Fit. The Deco-
lette Is Asymetric. The
Most Original Point
About the Model Is the
Sleeve. Made of Black
Velvet and Stiffened
Black Lace. This Is At-
tached to the Bodice
Only Under the Arm.
The Velvet Part Is Slim
and Holds the Arm
Close. Coming Down
Over the Hand. The
Upper Part of Lace
Stands Up, and Out-
lines the Shoulder.

Soulie.



Formal Evening Gown by Mirande, of Lyons on Millinery Velvet. It is in the New Blackberry or Prunelle Shade, a Color That Is Becoming to All Complexions. The Gown Is Cut in the Familiar Fashion of Big Trains. It Is Slim Through the Body and Flares at the Feet. There Is a Slight Train in the Back. The Decollete Is Extremely New, and Shows the New Interpretation of the Off-the-Shoulder Neckline. A Box-Plated Trill of the Velvet, but with a Little Rose Band, Stands Up Around the Shoulders, Higher in the Back Than in the Front. In the Centre of the Front Are Two Velvet Roses. This Is the New Place to Wear Flowers, Either Natural or Artificial.

PARIS, Dec. 1.

VELVET is certainly the outstanding material of the winter mode, and what is remarkable about it, is that this fabric is worn, not only for formal clothes, but for all day. Beginning with the sports and tailored mode, we find quantities of velvet blouses. Then there are the velvet coats, intended for all-day wear; velvet frocks, and velvet suits for afternoons; and simply slathers of velvet for evening. The four illustrations on this page, prove the point.

There are many different types of velvet. To begin with, we have the velveteen, plain for blouses, ribbed for sports coats, the latter being treated with some chemical process to make them waterproof. For suits and coats, there are the heavy straight pile qualities; for frocks the transparent, plain, ribbed, and occasionally embellished in a design. For evening, there is the rich milliner's velvet, transparent velvet, not velvet, the new ribbed materials on a chiffon or organza base, with plushy tufts for wraps. There are also the crinkled velvets, both shiny (paupe) and dull.

The coat on this page, an all-day garment, comes from De Marinis. He is an American Designer who opened his Paris house last Summer, and showed his first collection with considerable success. He has chosen a rather dark mouse-gray velvet for this model, in a soft but heavy quality. For general service, it would probably be ordered in the ever-useful black. The coat is slim and simple, and all the interest is in the collar. This is in the form of a cape, shaped with pin-tucks, and trimmed with petals of silver fox at the edge. It may be worn in different ways, pulled up round the neck like a big collar, or falling on the shoulders like a cape. The short round capes are very good just now. Done entirely in fur, sable, ermine, chinchilla, or in sable-dyed kolinsky or mink, they form the most popular evening accessory of the moment. Often they are tied

in front under the chin with a big soft bow, either of fur, or of the material of the gown worn with them.

The model from Elaine-Mary is an afternoon ensemble, for formal, important occasions. Elaine-Mary is the name of a new house, the moving spirit of which is Monsieur Gorges, so well known as Paton's manager. Here again we have the cape, somewhat longer, and both cape and gown are made of ribbed velvet in a warm crimson. The frock is surplice, a line that is becoming to almost every figure. The sleeves are good, for they are cut raglan, with an added section just above the elbow. The cape is trimmed with a

Afternoon Ensemble by Elaine-Mary, Frock and Cape. Rich Formal Costume. The Short Cape, of Fur, or of Material Trimmed With Fur, Is in the New Length. The Gown Is of Warm, Crimson-Red Ribbed Velvet. It Is Cut Surplice, the Ends Twisted Around the Waist and Tying in Two Little Fringed Tabs in Front. The Sleeves Are Cut Raglan, With Pin Tucks on the Shoulder, and a Long Section Added Below, Coming in Wrinkles Down Over the Hand. The Cape Is of the Same Velvet. It Is Trimmed With a Collar and Three Rows of Mink. In the Front, It Has Long Velvet Ends, Which Come in the Same Manner as the Bodice of the Gown, and Tie in the Back in Long Ends.

Coat of Mouse Gray Velvet in a Soft but Heavy Quality. With Erect Pile, for the Slim Model. The Collar May Be Worn in Two Ways. It Is Cut Like a Cape, Rounded in the Back, and Pin Tucked to Give It Form. As the Edge Outlines the Natural Lines of the Shoulders, or It May Be pulled up Around the Neck, Making a Big Crush Collar. The Sleeves Are Eased at a Bit at the Elbow, but not Exaggerated in Any Way. Model by De Marinis.

collar and three rows of dark mink. Any fluffy fur would look as well. In the front, there are long velvet ends, which

cross, and then tie at the back of the waist in fish fashion. Of course, on really cold days, a coat would have to be worn over such a frock as this, for the cape would not furnish enough protection. Frenchwomen carry the cape with them on such occasions, take off the coat in the house, and slip the cape around their shoulders. A cape like this may also be worn over any of your evening gowns.

In the evening mode we find velvet triumphant. In some collections, nine-tenths of the evening models are of velvet of some type or other. This is particularly true at Molyneux's.

This year, as you know, evening gowns are of three types. There is the "little" or dinner gown which often has an ankle length skirt, and short or half sleeves, with a very moderated decollete. They there is the formal gown, this year made very long in the skirt, frequently with a slight train, which you have to learn to manage. It is usually high in the neck in front, and very low in the back. Then there is the third type, new this year. This is a long, slim gown, made with sleeves which frequently come right down over the hands. It is worn by a hostess at a dinner in her own house, to the theatre on a first night or to a small dinner at a friend's.

There is an example of this type of gown from De Marinis on this page. He has chosen black transparent velvet, and put all the interest in the sleeves. They are tight to the arm and come down over the hand, and at the top they break into a standing frill of stiffened black lace in a very new way.

A formal evening gown, from Mirande, completes the illustrations. Here Lyons of milliner's velvet, heavy, rather rigid, with a silk back, has been chosen, and the color is that novelty, dull grayed plum, which Patou calls wild blackberry, and other houses call prunelle or sometimes grape. This new shade is as useful as black, for it may be worn over and over again without one's tiring of it, and it is also generally becoming to all complexions. But at the same time, it is not "just another black gown." Here is a gown which is slim through the body, slightly full at the feet, for easy movement, and cut to perfection to fit the body, without too many seams and darts. There is a small train, such as we find on most formal gowns this winter. But the exciting part is the decollete, outlined as it is with a standing ruche of box-plated velvet, higher in the back than in the front. Here is the very latest interpretation of the off-the-shoulder neckline.

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your home
a REAL
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2. Its large size permits full reproduction of low notes (depth and sonority)
3. **RESULT**—Reception as if the artists were present "in person"

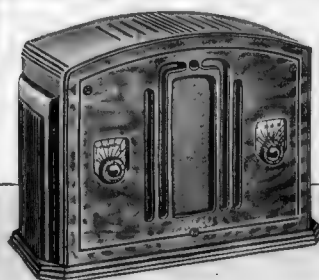
BROADCAST RECEPTION! All your favorite American programs brought to you with perfect fidelity to the original

SHORT-WAVE RECEPTION! Exclusive PHILCO Wave Band Switch divided over five separate scales and geared 60 to 1 makes American and foreign short-wave tuning interesting, accurate and almost as easy as the tuning of the standard broadcast band. Efficient reception on all short-wave channels including the very short waves of British Empire Station broadcasts!

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BASS COMPENSATING TONE CONTROL! Giving that pleasing depth and mellowness combined with the desirable crispness and clarity only possible through correct balance of bass and treble.

SHADOW TUNING—AUTOMATIC VOLUME CONTROL—NEW ALDIFORLIN SPEAKER—ILLUMINATED STATION RECORDING DIAL—PHILCO HIGH EFFICIENCY TUBES, Etc.



\$22⁵⁰ to \$600

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Here's a radio of small size that includes all the features you'd expect to find only in large and expensive radios. Automatic volume control! An illuminated dial to eliminate groping for stations when lights are low! At last—a small radio that has been approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories!

It is truly *Universal*—operating on A. C. or D. C. Covers the complete range of broadcasting stations—not just a few but all the exciting police calls—many amateur and airplane broadcasts.

The wonderful tone quality of a true PHILCO. Surprising selectivity and amazing distance range.

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In But Walnut Cabinet \$33. PHILCO 57C (for Alternating Current only) \$22.50.

A BRAND NEW PHILCO AUTO RADIO AT \$49.95

(Complete and installed on any make car—any model—any year)

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Four-point tone control. More powerful—more selective—better tone than any auto radio that \$49.95 ever bought before!

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EASY FOR YOU TO BUY A
PHILCO**

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PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE
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A musical instrument of quality

PHILADELPHIA . . . NEW YORK . . . CHICAGO . . . SAN FRANCISCO . . . TORONTO . . . LONDON, ENGLAND

Christine By Basil Caron

A Thrilling Story of Love and Adventure in the South Seas

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

JOHN ALLEN, a trainee in the South Seas, has brought up his daughter Christine to sail and fight and shoot as well as to man Blaise of the schooner Medusa. In love with Christine, but Carroll his partner, warns him against the girl's untamable nature.

Trerne, skipper of the San Juan, murders a blue-skinned native and the location of a hidden ship with the precious Spear of God. After a long and arduous search, he finds the spear in a cave. He is then attacked by a native and is rescued by a white man. He is then attacked by a native and is rescued by a white man.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

Lambert Dives.

CHRISTINE leaned forward, crouching there, she could hear every word that was spoken in the hold. "Who did it?" she demanded.

"How should I know?" Lambert answered. "Smashed to bits it was. Look at the glass. Splinters! We can't use it."

"No. We can't use it now." "You sound glad," said Trerne sharply. He had caught the note of irrepressible truth in Lambert's voice. "Why do you speak that way?" "I'm not speaking that way," said Lambert. "What do you know about it?"

"Nothing." "You hear?" "Trerne." "I'll call you what you are. What do you know about all this?" "Take your hands off me. Take your hands off me. Answer me, then. Did you know about it?"

"No." "You're afraid, you white-livered skunk! Huh! You do well to be afraid, too. The sun was all right yesterday morning. I saw it. And now you must have broken it up with the axe. I didn't know you were as strong as that!"

"I tell you—" "Have your breath. Do you think I'm a fool? Come on. The lantern came winking back to the gray patch of light immediately below the opening. "Go up."

Lambert obeyed. No word was spoken until the two men stood by Christine. She scrambled to her feet and dusted her coat mechanically. Trerne's eyes were fixed on her. He said nothing more of the ruined diving-bell. In slow, even tones he began to discuss plans for the day. In a size Lambert watched him. The sun was all right yesterday morning. I saw it. And now you must have broken it up with the axe. I didn't know you were as strong as that!"

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The Shark Sailed Over Them. Lambert Saw It. He Snatched at Puka and Got Him by the Thumb.

day by yourself with only two boys aboard—" "But yesterday—" "Yesterday there were eight boys here. Every one of them knew he'd be thrashed if you were let out of their sight for a single moment. Today it's different. I mean only two boys here. There's no saying what you might do. You'd be quite capable of trying to steal my own ship from me."

"He gave one of his rare, bitter smiles. "The key will be in my pocket. I'll do nothing of the kind," she said, laughing.

"I think you will," Trerne told her in a level voice. "You can walk down without help. Or I'll carry you down. Please your self."

Christine shrugged her shoulders. She saw that he would welcome the chance of a struggle, with its opportunities of physical contact. There seemed nothing to do but obey. With a sudden air she preceded him down the companion. He waited until she reached the little room, then slammed the door and locked it. She heard the grating sound of the key as he withdrew it, and the noise of his feet on the companion.

Lambert and the boys waited for him with stolid, expressionless faces. He jumped into the longboat with a cing away, and turned his face to where the catamaran waited by the float. To his impatience it seemed that the longboat would never get there. How slowly it crawled over the dancing tide! He could hardly contain his fever, and began to tug at the grating hooks. Ah, they were good strong ones. He lifted one and rubbed his thumb over the curves.

The boys rested on their oars. They had reached the catamaran. Trerne lifted the glass-bottomed boat and peered down into the depths. The longboat and the catamaran were now directly above the shattered Constantine. Trerne addressed the waiting boys.

"Must get him box," he said. "Suppose you look in and all same find one fella box."

They nodded. The great chests swelled. The water frothed. He bubbled as they disappeared, dragging themselves down with the help of their little scoops. Trerne watched eagerly. He soon saw that Kelut, a Wahiti boy, and Manua, a Pervu boy, were quicker and stronger than the other two. They struck out boldly, trying to reach the bottom. It was no use. At the end of ninety seconds they were all up, man and boat. They rested, when they came up, spluttering, he said to the first lot, "Go down."

This time Manua and Kelut reached bottom. They were waiting their thrusts at the oars, clinging to the splintered timber with the other hands. They should ascend. Then

Manua made a sign, and they shot up like bullets from a gun, to lean bowed and gasping on the arms of the catamaran. They shook their heads at Trerne's eager questions. He sighed, and motioned to the second squad to descend.

"A snaker like that would very likely be packed with an outer casing of lead," he said to Lambert. "Maybe it's so heavy that it's sunk deep in the mud."

It seemed as if it were indeed sunk into the mud. Again and again the boys went down, to poke with futile hands at the water of one that was sucking down the wreck. The sun stood high, and the thwarts of the longboat burned the naked hand. But Trerne would not allow the boys to knock off. Two of them had crumpled up and lay sprawled out in the catamaran, their bellies heaving, their arms a-switch. The rest of the divers were losing strength. Their periods under water grew shorter and shorter. Bit by bit they had explored the wreck, but there was no sign of the key or the packet. Manua's arm was bleeding, and Trerne ordered him into the boat, lest the blood should attract the attention of sharks. Kelut was breathing heavily. His neck was swollen, his lips puffy.

"Let 'em rest," said Lambert, an hour after noon. "You'll kill 'em, that's what you'll do."

"I should still have you," Trerne said. "Very well, Manua. Kelut, all boy-stop. No go down."

The brown bodies piled into the catamaran and lay there, limp, exhausted, heaving. They did not speak for some time. At last Kelut said in his own tongue, "This is not the end. Terherini will tell us to dive yet again. I am very tired. Fella, if you dive again, you will die. You have no breath."

"Terherini will kill me if I refuse," returned Pelti. "Shall I take the key, then, or by my lord's hand?"

In the longboat Trerne had fixed up a little shelter with the oars and a piece of sailcloth. He and Lambert sat there, waiting till the heat of the day should pass and the Kanakas be ready to dive again. Trerne's dark face was turned towards the San Juan. The sky had a broken look, and he smelt a change of weather. The ship lay in an exposed position. If the search for the treasure should be likely to be protracted, it would be as well to take her into harbor. A sudden squall might drag her from her moorings.

"We'll take her in tonight," he said to Lambert. "There's a storm in the northeast. We'll get it before two days are out."

"Camp on shore," Lambert said. "I'm not going."

He wrote out his handkerchief in the water and put it round his neck, and a grateful for dry drops that trickled over his back and chest. Trerne's eyes glittered.

"Not?" "Not very," said Lambert, instantly. The sun streamed down. With the smell of blistered paint came the smell of hot sailcloth. On Lambert's forehead the fair hair lay thick and matted with sweat. With a surreptitious finger he pushed the opening of his shirt aside. Trerne saw him. "Take it off. Your turn now. See you can stand the heat. The boys have missed."

Lambert did not move. His heart beat so loudly that he put his hand on it. "Do you hear me?" said Trerne. "I'm not going down."

"You are, you little swine. You've only got yourself to thank. If you hadn't been so handy with an axe down in the hold—don't a trouble to deny it, Lambert."

The lad's face was bloodless. He sat like a block, his hands clasped around his knees, his chin thrust out defiantly. "You can't make me. If I refuse you can't make me."

Trerne began to fill his pipe with a maddening air of being utterly absorbed in the occupation. His thick, scarred fingers pressed down the tobacco before he spoke again.

"I can't understand you. You're one of the smartest divers I've ever seen. You've dived in the lagoons. Why not here?"

"Open sea," muttered Lambert. "What of it? It's not very deep. We haven't sighted a shark for the day. Where's your objection?"

But Lambert refused to answer. He knew that, whatever answer he might make, Trerne would meet his words with icy logic or, worse, open ridicule. What could he say of the thousand fears that beset him at thought of a plunge into the depths? He could not straighten out his sensations. To him there remained nothing in all the world save this wild, unreasoning fear. Desperation gave him courage. Flaring his large eyes on Trerne he said, "You don't go down yourself."

Trerne puffed out a cloud of smoke. "No," he said, pleasantly. "I'm not afraid. I have my reason. But that's not the point. I set your clothes off."

Trerne took his pipe from his mouth and laid it on the seat. He made a sudden movement, and gripped Lambert's wrist. "You're going down. Don't struggle, you fool. You're going down because I say so. Do you hear me?"

"No, no," said Lambert, struggling. "You'll obey me," Trerne told him, "and I'll tell you why. Because you're afraid of physical pain. I'm hurting you now. Have you forgotten what happened when you and I disagreed about a little matter five weeks ago? Ah! I thought not. You're afraid of the sea. Heaven knows why. But you're afraid of me, too. And we both know why."

His face was near Lambert's face. The lad shrank from the fierce eyes so near his own. He thought stupidly, "Trerne's like a wolf. He's got wolf's teeth." He struggled no more. His master had conquered. Lambert chose the sea rather than the cruel hands of Trerne. He had thought that he could defy Trerne. He had pictured himself standing firm and rock-like. Huh! Poor fool! Why, Trerne could—could—

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OUR
HOLIDAY
GIFT
TO
AMERICAN
HOUSEWIVES

Kid Sisters Don't Count *By Maysie Greig*

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

BEAUTIFUL AND—It took a long time to divorce her husband. Long and bitter. And then Maysie, a cynical man of the world, saw that a kid sister was determined to get out of the world and restore her to the world. And she was determined to get out of the world and restore her to the world. And she was determined to get out of the world and restore her to the world.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Key Decides.

well over an hour. She felt contrite now for having cut that dance with him. She was beginning to realize it wasn't much use trying to get back on Quentin. Invariably he turned the tables and got back on you one hundred fold for it.

Still, if his continued absence was merely revenge she felt she didn't mind it so much. It was the thought he might be enjoying it worried her. She had an idea, too, that he wouldn't be enjoying it alone.

"Heavens, what a mean nature I'm getting," she thought. "I must be associating with Quentin. I guess if you mix with mean people you grow mean yourself."

Key saw that the ball was still in Quentin's court. He was running straight into Bortman

again she went down a side staircase that led her out into the grounds half way down the drive. About to step out into the night, she saw the bright headlights of a car turn in through the gates. For a moment the whole drive was lit up, a lane of gold in the surrounding darkness. Then the lamps were switched off and the car drew up very close to where Ray was standing.

She would have moved forward had she not, at that moment, heard a woman's voice. A voice she knew rather well.

"That was great, Quentin darling. I feel years younger for that ride. But need we go in people yet? It's so much nicer out here."

Key heard Quentin's answer. "Just as you say, Dolly. I'll admit there's nothing special to draw me inside again tonight."

If there was a bitter note in his voice he covered it with a laugh. "Nothing special, isn't there?"

Key thought, childishly angry. "It's quite clear, Mr. Quentin."

"Splendid," Dolly cried gaily. "Then we're both of the same mind."

"Shame we're not all three of the same mind," Key murmured derisively.

"You're very lovely tonight," Quentin's voice had dropped to a lower key. But it came across to Key like a sharp cutting wind.

"I'm not to be lovely, am I?" Key thought, childishly angry. "It's quite clear, Mr. Quentin."

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There, on That Rocky Promontory, They Had Stood and Watched the New Moon Rise.

I can't bear him to flirt with her as he had often done before; called her a silly child; asked

Supposing he merely laughed at her very eyes. I... I don't care what I do.

The Gripping Story of a Girl Who Found Love, but Only at the Price of Her Romantic Ideals

what a kiss signified anyhow. Or, again, he might draw his dark brows together, frown and demand what right she had to protest. Suddenly some of his words came back to her. "Dolly amuses me. If she would amuse me so much were you a little kinder to me, my dear, remain to be seen."

Those words seemed to echo around her, filling the whole room, crowding out every other night sound; the throb of the dance music below, the angry wash of the sea as it flung itself against the cliffs. If... she were a little kinder to him!

She wasn't a fool. She knew what he meant. And she couldn't blame him really. She was his wife. Suddenly with a reckless jerky movement, she turned over, stared up at the gray ceiling with wide startled eyes. "Supposing... But, how could she when she'd sworn—"

"But I can't bear it any longer," she thought distractedly. "It may be very wicked, I'm sure it is wicked, but it's stronger than I am. It's not love as I've dreamt of it... but I can't get away from it. I'll... I'll go mad if he goes on flirting with her!"

Well, she had the remedy in her own hands. But it was some hours before she could bring herself to accept it. Hours while she lay there staring up at that ceiling, watching a moonbeam

shrink and diminish until it became a mere thread of silver. She had the remedy in her own hands, but—

But there a pitch of desperation you reach when you fling overboard everything you've formerly cherished. You do it with a certain savage gleam, watching those burdens, once so precious, sink with a heavy splash below the dark water's surface. Pride goes overboard last. The hardest to wrest from you, yet the one you miss least. Extraordinary how free you feel without it!

Long after midnight Key finally got off the bed. She felt cold, her muscles were cramped. Downstairs the music had ceased. She went over to the window and peered down, hard at her wrist watch. Just on three. The dance music must have finished an hour ago.

She wondered, with a wry twist of her lip, if Bortman Wallace was still in the lounge waiting. A little too much, perhaps, to expect of the most patient of men!

She didn't switch on the light. Yet, when she moved, she moved with a curious deliberation that was almost defiance. She unbuttoned the red Spanish shawl from around her throat, hard, little body, slipped out of her

(Continued on Page 15)

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Get the best results from your new Vacumatic Filler—or from any pen—use Parker Quink—the new quick-drying, non-clogging writing ink, with a secret solvent that cleans a pen as it writes.

(Continued from Page 18)

"Don't you think you'd better have a drink, Muff darling? You look tired out."

Again she sought wildly for the sentences she had come to say. Instead, to her own horror, she heard herself blurt out:

"You kissed that woman in the car tonight. I saw you, Quentin."

**THE HIDDEN
MYSTERIES OF
YOUR LIFE**

Are you any half for it?
Behind the locked door of your mind
lurks the secret of life in you and me
with whom success and happiness
Hidden awaits him but dare not a morsel
of life be known for the creature in him
It is—what? when you being there
in a vast domain, entire power that can
be derived to produce new ideas, plans,
and a more abundant life for
yourself and the world.

THE SEALED PINE DOOR

The Rosicrucians, an age-old brotherhood,
have taught thousands these powerful
and hidden secrets ranging from the
mysteries of the mind. They trace these
secrets back to the farthest of the HINDU
BOOK, that tells him who can enter these
doorways. If you prefer a new life of
enrichment, fulfillment, mental and
emotional completeness attend an
Initiation.

FRANK R. K. H.
ROSICRUCIAN BROTHERHOOD
AMERIC
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

He shook his head slowly. "There aren't, Muff. At least, not two sorts of love between a man and a woman."

Key Saw That the Ball Was Still in Progress, So in Order to Avoid Running Straight Into Bertram Again She Went Down a Side Staircase.

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Captain Christing By Basil Carey

(Continued from Page 16)

air that stole down the companion. It was delightful to be able to walk in freedom once more. For some minutes she sauntered about, conscious only of the satisfaction of stretching her legs.

Lambert was at the wheel. He was taking the San Juan in. Christine saw Treherne take the wheel from him.

"I'll have her now. These reefs—you've not got much sense. Washed away most of it, I suppose."

Lambert gave way without a word. Looking at him, Christine thought, "Something's happened to him. He looks awful." She waited till he strolled aimlessly past her, then said in a low voice, "What's up?"

He made a helpless gesture with his limp hands. "Nothing. Guess I'm tired. He—made me go down."

He spoke like a man in a dream, staring straight before him with a glazed look in his eyes. He was pale, and his hair was still damp and tangled.

"I think we'll get it," he was saying to a helper, who was saying, "I think we'll get it. We'll have to use grappling hooks. If we can shift some of the timbers and get at the sand—there's a pile of stuff there."

Something in his voice frightened her. He was talking as a man talks after he has had some violent shock. She laid her hand on his arm, forcing him to look at her.

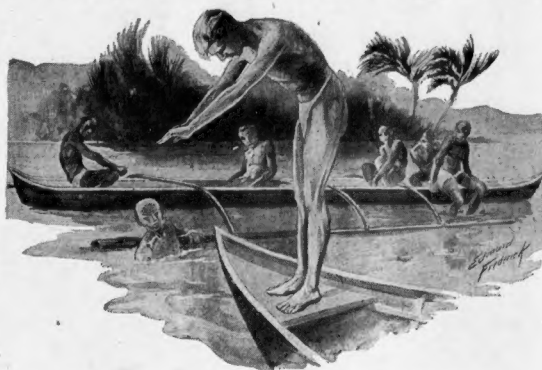
"Something happened. What is it? Why do you look like this? Is it Treherne?"

He did not answer, and she shook his arm impatiently. His lips twitched in a faint smile. Very slowly he took something out of his pocket and held it in his open palm for her inspection. It was a Kanaka's thumb.

Christine drew back. "How ghastly! What on earth are you carrying that about?"

He looked at it contemplatively. "You know Puka?" he said conversationally. "A shark got him. This is what is left."

"Christine felt sick. She swallowed back the nausea that threatened to swamp her. "It was really quite funny,"



Lambert Stood Poised for the Plunge. The Kanakas Watched Him With Admiration.

Lambert went on, with a hysterical splutter of laughter. "We went down together. We were groping about near the bows. I saw a shadow. I touched Puka. I grabbed him by the thumb. This thumb."

He looked at it again. "It snapped at me twice. Yes, it made two mouthfuls of him. All but his thumb."

He rocked with laughter, and Treherne shouted from the wheel, "Get him below, Christine. Get him to his bunk. I'll be there soon."

She took Lambert by the hand as one takes a child and coaxed him to come with her. He pulled and dragged at first, then followed submissively, stumbling a little as he walked. They went down the companion and Christine led him to his berth.

"You're very tired," she said slowly. "Yes, yes, you've told me about Puka. Now try and get a little sleep."

He sat down stupidly, his mouth slack, his eyes vacant, blind-seeing. He began to talk

again, rehearsing what had happened in the same words that he had used on deck. She put her hands on his shoulders and pressed him back till his head lay on the hard pillow. With a deft movement she lifted his legs and had him stretched out in the narrow bunk. The complaining voice never ceased its monotonous tale. Very softly Christine went out, closing the door behind her. She had taken the key from inside and now slipped it in the lock and made fast the door from the outside. For a moment she leaned against the door, while the world spun round madly. Then she put the key in her coat pocket and went on deck.

The ship was nearly in. High overhead lowered the black cliffs with their fringe of palms at the top. The San Juan was now in a sheltered bay, where deep water lashed till twenty yards from the shore. Treherne hove to, and the anchor chain ran out. The San Juan's master mopped his forehead and came to where Christine stood by the deckhouse. She said

nothing, but held out the key of Lambert's door. He took it gravely.

"What happened?" she asked. "Is he asleep?"

"No. Did you think he would be? He's talking. Saying the same thing over and over again." Treherne sat down on the deck, his legs stretched straight before him.

"It's bad luck, Christine. We're within an ace of it, and then this must happen. A shark—a tiger-shark. I could see through the tiles mata. Lambert and Puka were together. The shark sailed over them. Lambert saw it. He snatched at Puka and got him by the thumb. They came up, but Puka wasn't quick enough. The brute of a shark snapped him in the middle and then snapped again. His mouth must have touched Lambert's hand. When Lambert got to the surface we grabbed him and hauled him in."

He paused. "The shark might as well have had him for all the use he'll ever be to me again," he said gloomily.

"His mind's clean gone. He's always been weak and unbalanced. The shock's done for him."

"Oh, no!" Christine said, horrified. "Surely he'll be all right? After he's slept and—and had time to get over it, he'll be all right."

"You're sanguine," he told her, curly. "Men don't recover so quickly—especially men like Lambert."

"He knew something would happen to him," she cried. "He's been utterly terrified at the thought of diving. He smashed up that diver's suit in the hope that he'd get out of going down."

Yes—and if he had been in the suit, the shark might have cut the air line. Oh, he knew something waited for him in the sea.

"And you think I should have listened to his little fancy and pandered to him?" Treherne asked with a sneer. "I daresay! The thing was an unlucky accident that nobody could foresee—and that's all there is to it. We'll have to wait and see how the thing takes him. If he keeps pretty quiet we'll take him to Tahiti when we go and have him put in some madhouse. If he gets violent—I'll see to him, you keep away from him, do you hear?"

He looked up at her with a strange expression. "I wouldn't have him hurt you for all the golden caskets in creation. You're game. You got him down to his bunk, even when you must have seen he was loony. You weren't afraid of him. No, and you're not afraid of me. Plucky little scut!"

She stared at him, quick to catch the note of admiration in his rough voice.

"I don't understand you."

He stood up, and rested one hand on the wall of the deckhouse, so that his bronzed arm touched her shoulder. "Understand me?" he said. "I think you do. I've seen a heap of women, but never such a cool one as you are."

He broke off, and went to swear at the boys, who were chattering excitedly of Puka's death. Had he stayed by the deckhouse he must have taken her in his arms. Why not, then?

Why not? What could stop him? Only his own instinctive hatred of snatching crudely at his desires. Wait, wait, he told himself, wait till this business of the sunken treasure is finished. She's too rare to be loved casually, incommittently, in the intervals of the day's work. With his desire there mingled an admiration that he had never accorded to any woman born. Her utter fearlessness, her physical bravery, appealed to him in a way that startled him.

He turned to look at her as she leaned against the deckhouse. Her strong little body was out-

lined against the planks. His eyes strayed over the line of her shoulders, and so away down to the curve of her breast and the long slim boyish flanks. Something rose in his throat and he thought, "I've never cared just this way before."

Abreast he turned away, leaving her staring up at the dark cliff. Her gaze wandered to the top and rested there, incredulous, almost terrified at the face that she saw white and clear-cut against the bushes.

To Be Continued Next Sunday. (Copyright 1933 by Basil Carey. All Rights Reserved.)

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How to Put an End to Sleepless Nights

A Way That Brings New Energy Next Day

Now Comes A Remarkable Drugless Food Concentrate That Brings Sound, Natural Sleep Almost As Soon As You Go To Bed—The Kind That Multiplies

Vitality And Energy To Such A Remarkable Degree That You Feel Like A New Person Next Day. 20,000 Physicians Endorse It.

DO you lie awake and toss at night? Do you turn and thrash with nerves unstrung before you fall asleep? . . . And do you pay the price next day with overwrought nerves—a head that aches—or a mind that's lousy and dull?

If you do, take heart. For here is an announcement of paramount importance for those who suffer from sleepless nights. An announcement that writes "finis" to those weary hours of tossing and counting sheep.

This remarkable news is made possible by a unique food concentrate originally created by a noted Swiss scientist, now made over here. A special combination of elements processed solely from natural foods—as free from drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink.

You simply take it mixed with warm milk a few minutes before you go to bed. Then fall asleep and sleep your full 8 hours as naturally as a child. Thus doing away with those nerve-wracking hours of tossing and the social and commercial handicaps they inevitably impose next day.

In the morning you awaken greatly refreshed—nerves calmer, mind clearer by far. Filled with new energy to last you throughout the day. For this remarkable food-drink not only brings sound sleep quickly—but greatly multiplies your ability to recuperate from fatigue. And increases your "come back" and "staying power" to a marked degree.

What It Is—How It Acts

This remarkable food-drink is called

FIRST—To fall asleep quickly tonight, mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine (the unique scientific food concentrate) with a cup of warm milk. Then drink it just before you go to bed.

Ovaltine, and it acts to combat the 3 most common causes of sleeplessness in 3 different ways—entirely without drugs.

First: Ovaltine, taken as a warm drink at bedtime, tends to draw excess blood away from the brain. Thus inviting mental calm and "conditioning" the mind for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine corrects digestive unrest by gently stimulating and aiding digestive processes.

Third: Ovaltine supplies important food elements, the absence of which, in ordinary diet, leads to irritated nerves and sleeplessness.

Remarkable Results

So surprising are the results achieved by Ovaltine—that it has been approved by more than 20,000 doctors. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for rebuilding shell-shocked, nerve-shattered soldiers. While today it has won respect to 64 different countries.

SECOND—After you drink your cup of Ovaltine, put your feet right into bed—relax. You'll fall asleep almost before you know it—and sleep all night as soundly as a child.

THIRD—In the morning you awaken greatly refreshed—nerves steadier, mind clearer by far. Filled with new energy and vitality—alive—and "on your toes." Ovaltine acts to rebuild nerve, brain and body tissues while you sleep.

In America it's used as grown amazingly during these troubled times. And hundreds of thousands of people take it religiously each night, largely on physicians' advice, in order to secure sound, restful sleep despite the worry and nerve tension

so many people are experiencing today.

Start Tonight

Don't judge Ovaltine merely by what you can claim for it. Disregard, if you wish, the fact that it is approved by 20,000

NO MORE COUNTING SHEEP

If you frequently lie awake at night worrying and counting sheep in a vain attempt to sleep, the announcement on this page will be welcome news to you. For, among other things, the food concentrate described here tends to draw excess blood away from the brain when taken as a warm drink at bedtime. Thus combating the mental over-activity that often keeps you lying awake—and "conditioning" the mind for sleep. As a result, you not only fall asleep naturally a few moments after you go to bed, but you sleep much more restfully throughout the night. And awaken the following day with steadier nerves and a mind that's clear and fresh.

physicians. But try it—and see for yourself!

Observe how quickly you fall asleep at night—how much fresher you look and feel next day. Note, too, how much greater energy you have—how vitality multiplies.

As you continue to take Ovaltine, observe how it builds up and maintains your natural tendency to sleep soundly every night—how vitality increases.

So once again we say—don't put up with sleepless nights another day. Say

goodbye to night-time tension. Thence your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine now—you'll be glad you did.

NOTE: Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight, children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.

Manufactured in the United States according to the original Swiss formula.

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YEAST *for Health*

